

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

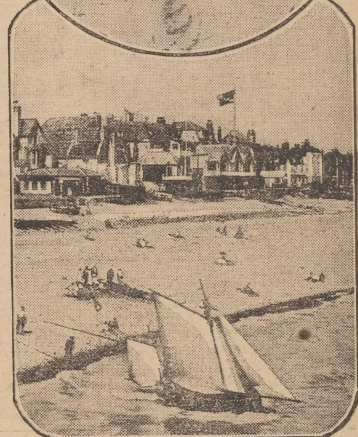
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One Halfpenny.

HOW TO SPEND A COOL WEEK-END DURING THE TROPICAL HEAT.



Everybody flies whenever possible to the waterside during such a spell of heat as we are enduring at present. By the sea and on the river there are fresh breezes such as cannot be found elsewhere, not to mention the supreme joy of splashing about in water very many degrees cooler than the heated air. Our photographs will give those who are going out of town a foretaste of the delights in store for them, and enable those who cannot get away to enjoy in imagination the pleasure they are unable to realise in fact.

EPPS'S COCOA

HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

England Broiling Beneath a
Tropic Sun.

RUSH FROM TOWN.

London Season Collapses Through
Heat.

DROUGHT AND CRIME.

Yesterday's shade temperature, 84
degrees.
Official forecast for the week-end:
Fine and very warm.

In the shade yesterday the temperature in London was 84deg., the highest recorded this year.

Even that high figure does not represent the broiling temperature of the streets, for the shade thermometer on Holborn-viaduct stood at 90½ at 3.30 p.m.

In the sun the temperature reached 134deg. As the following readings, taken by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, show, this week has been one of the hottest London has experienced for some time. The records are shown in the following degree:—

	Shade, Sun.	Wednesday 12.	Shade, Sun.
Sunday, 9	73 119	Thursday 13	78 126
Monday, 10	75 119	Friday 14	84 130
Tuesday, 11	78 125		

And the heat is not confined to any one district. It was fine yesterday at all the coast resorts, except Barmouth and Plymouth, where it was dull and the sea choppy. The following shade temperatures were registered:—

Llandudno	82	Southend	76
Cromer	74	Newhaven	72
Yarmouth	77	Bognor	72
Lowestoft	77	Eastbourne	70
Felixstowe	78	Bath	78
Ipwich	80	Wormouth	75
Glaston	80		

TERROR OF HOT NIGHTS.

The heat wave has been terribly trying to all, for after the heat of the days the nights have been bringing hardly any respite. The thermometer kept between 64deg. and 70deg., and not a breath of air stirred. Sleep will not come under such conditions. The only way to get relief from the heat is to take a warm bath just before retiring.

London went in whole-heartedly for cool clothing yesterday. Of 2,655 male pedestrians who passed a spot in the Strand in one hour, over 2,500 wore straw hats. The actual figures were:—

Silk hats	17
Hard felt hats	29
Soft felt hats	51
Fez	1
No hat	1
Straws and Panamas	2,556
	2,655

MEN CARRYING FANS.

Gentlemen, as well as ladies, adopted the Japanese fashion of carrying a fan, and using it, in the street.

To those in ill-health or who are prone to sun-stroke, light hats lined with black or red, and adequate protection for the back of the neck, are recommended.

But although the average man was gasping, to one athlete at least the problem of keeping cool seemed simple.

This vigorous youth keeps up his custom in all weathers of running completely round Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens early in the morning, to the amazement of the bathers in the Serpentine.

Streaming and breathless from his exercise, Mr. Jones told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that "it was the finest thing in the world."

Indeed, he was so hot, that any high temperature during the day would probably seem cool by comparison.

ICED AND COOLING DRAUGHTS.

Ice was in great request, but in many first-class restaurants the supply ran out early in the afternoon. It was possible to get iced strawberries and other expensive and alluring cooling dishes at lunch-time, but the supply was soon exhausted.

Chemists' shops are for the time regarded as restaurants, where saline and iced beverages are the chief items in a big trade.

Our Dumb Friend *Leopold* is besieged with applications for horse-bonnets, of which many thousands recently ordered are anxiously awaited. The secretary told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that they are unusually late this year, owing to the adoption of a new pattern.

Calabriders are "making hay" while the sun shines. Nobody who is worth anything affords to drive, and it is not uncommon for cabdrivers to earn a

shilling for taking a "fare" less than a quarter of a mile.

To a tailor applicant yesterday who complained of hard times, Judge Edey said, "I have no doubt trade is bad. Instead of wanting clothes people are only too glad to throw off everything they can."

RUSH FOR THE SEASIDE.

Last night the great London termini were besieged by passengers to the seaside. Reports from correspondents at Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Folkestone, Yarmouth, Southend, Scarborough, and Blackpool point to a season of unexampled activity.

Lodging-house keepers are turning customers away in shoals, and open-air entertainers are doing extremely well.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

Three bathers lost their lives at Tynemouth in the presence of a crowd of 200 yesterday evening. They were swept away by a strong current, and got into difficulties in the surf. Their names were J. R. Forsyth, commercial traveller; W. A. Thompson, electrician; and John Williams, a lad of seventeen years.

Private Terry, of the Somerset Light Infantry, was drowned at Whitsands, near Devonport, yesterday.

HEAT SPOILS SEASON.

Functions Abandoned Because So Many People
Have Left London.

The London season has suddenly collapsed. The heat alone is responsible for this, and the Eton and Harrow match is almost the only function where society will foregather until next year.

Many parties which had been arranged for next week and the week after have been given up owing to the number of excuses sent in, for people are leaving town for the country rapidly, although the season proper is not over for another fortnight. Inquiry in the West End yesterday elicited the fact that this sudden cessation of gaiety was owing chiefly to the intense heat.

Parties which have taken place lately have been but sparsely attended compared with a week or two ago, and people have contented themselves with going to one house and staying there instead of attending four or five different functions in one evening.

There are a few parties to come off next week, but for the most part people have left for the country. Among recent departures being Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala, Lord Brownlow, Lord Londale, Lord Scarsdale, the Duke of Atholl, and Lord and Lady Londesborough.

NOT GOING ABROAD.

Mary Duchess of Hamilton is ill, partly through the heat; and having abandoned her ball is leaving town with her daughter almost immediately. The Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Ernest Cunard have taken advantage of the early end of the season to take rest cures before the shooting season begins.

A few more people have left for abroad, as the heat on the Continent is worse than in England, and English health resorts are being extensively patronised, while people with country places have shut up their town houses and left for the cool of the country.

Another effect of the end of the season coming so early is the abandonment of many concerts which were arranged. Many musical prodigies who were advertised to come out have been obliged to give up their concerts.

RECORD OF CRIME.

Terrific Heat Accompanied by an Abnormal
Number of Tragedies.

The week's record of violent crimes is distressing, and in all quarters a connection is traced between them and the heat.

The following is a list of the tragedies:—
Sunday.—Old lady murdered at Neatishead.
Monday.—Louis Klinks arrested in Glasgow for killing Leah Goldberg.

Tuesday.—Seaman John Stephenson shot Mary Archer and himself in Hyde Park. Supposed love tragedy.

Tuesday.—Gunner Frederick Woodward shot Lizzie Dyer and himself in Portsmouth bay.

Wednesday.—Margaret Mulcahy, farmer's wife, strangled at Middleton (Cork). Husband arrested.

Thursday.—Bridal tragedy at Peterborough. C. H. Taylor shot his wife and himself.

Thursday.—Man, supposed to be named Strongitham, shot his wife and cut his throat at a house in Camp-hill, Birmingham.

Woman named Lentham battered to death on the roadside near Clonmell. Husband arrested.

In addition to these there has been quite an epidemic of suicides.

Traffic is practically suspended on certain sections of the London Canal, and greatly reduced freights are being carried on the Bridgewater Canal, which is far below its normal level owing to the drought.

Many corporations are reducing the water supply in very many districts. It has been impossible for anyone to have a bath.

SELF-CHOSEN TOMB.

Enthusiast Tries to Bury Himself in a
Mine.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Friday.—Accustomed as Odessa has become to bloodshed and sudden death, a thrill went through the city when it became known that M. Uraltseff, the celebrated engineer, had gone mad and committed suicide.

Excitement at the political situation led to religious exaltation, and Uraltseff began to imagine himself an inspired prophet, sent from Heaven to deliver Russia from her manifold miseries.

The engineer was retained by one of the largest coal-mining companies in the Donetz region, and it was in a mine that the suicide took place.

The engineer's claims were ridiculed by the managers of the company. Some told him brutally that he should go to a sanatorium for the mind. "Wait," said the infuriated engineer, "you will yet see a sign that Heaven regards me with especial favour. I shall never die."

Uraltseff was sent by the mine management to report upon some projected works in a long disused shaft. Hardly had ten minutes passed after his arrival when a loud rumble was heard and the workmen, running to the end of the gallery into which he had disappeared, found it blocked with great masses of stone.

No sound came from the engineer's subterranean prison. The workmen set to to rescue him. All night, sweating, indomitable, they toiled with axe and shovel. But when morning broke the gallery was still blocked. A fresh gang came on the scene. All day they worked. At six in the evening a cry of triumph rang out—the pick of the foremost man had pierced the wall of the living tomb.

The workers rushed in. Crouching in a niche, pale and with a look of anguish on his face, was Uraltseff. "Stand off, fools!" he cried. "Why did you not let me die in my own way?" Before the amazed rescuers could grasp his meaning, he drew a pistol from his pocket and blew out his brains.

M. WITTE'S POSITION.

Indisposition Leads to a Statement That He
Will Be Replaced.

M. Witte will leave Cherbourg for America on July 26, says Reuter. His appointment has given general satisfaction in St. Petersburg.

The "Novoye Vremya" points out that while M. Witte was a resolute opponent of the war and an ardent advocate of an understanding with Japan, he has never been in favour of a humiliating peace entailing territorial concessions and the payment of an indemnity.

"Japan should realise," the journal remarks, "that to propose humiliating conditions to a man such as M. Witte, would mean the continuation of the war at any cost."

At the same time M. Witte's health is far from satisfactory. An Exchange message states that a sensational telegram has been received in Paris from St. Petersburg stating that Count Isalsky will replace M. Witte.

NOT A HERO.

Stoessel Prohibited from Receiving Sword of
Honour from Paris.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—The French committee which collected subscriptions to offer a sword of honour to General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, is in a difficulty.

The sword was duly bought and sent to Russia to be presented to the General, but the Russian authorities absolutely refused to allow the sword to be presented.

The ground of refusal was that the General is accused of very serious offences in connection with the surrender of Port Arthur, and that he is not entitled to be considered as a hero or to receive any mark of distinction.

The sword, it appears, has now been sent back to France by parcels post, and the committee is looking out for a hero who wants a sword at cost price.

OUR FRENCH NEIGHBOURS.

An enthusiastic welcome was accorded at Folkestone yesterday to the 900 excursionists who arrived from Paris on a visit organised by the "Petit Journal."

They were welcomed by Aldermen Banks, who, together with several French visitors, referred with pleasure to the kindly feeling existing between the two nations.

Miss Anna L. Amendt, first assistant to Mr. Gage, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, draws the largest salary of any woman in the United States.

MOST UNPOPULAR MINISTER.

Cabinet Ministers Secretly Hostile
to Mr. Arnold-Forster.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—The narrow majority by which the Government were able to save themselves yesterday on the Volunteer question was the subject of much eager discussion in the Lobbies to-day, writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby.

An examination of the division-list proves beyond all doubt that had the Irish members been present in their ordinary strength the Government must have suffered a serious defeat, which must, of course, have inevitably resulted in their immediate resignation.

Members of the Unionist Party are asking themselves whether the time has not come when they should make it perfectly clear to the Government that Mr. Arnold-Forster's blundering at the War Office is not likely to be more damaging to the Government from a party point of view than anything else in the arena of politics at the present time.

It is pointed out, and not without some reason, that when Lord Roberts, who, rightly or wrongly, is accepted by the country as the authority on Army matters, publicly states that the Army is in a worse condition to-day than it was on the eve of the South African war, this is a most serious statement from the point of view of the tax-payers of the country, and one which the Opposition are likely to use with supreme effect when the time comes for an appeal to the country.

TIRED OF THE WAR SECRETARY.

The fact is, supporters of the Government are exceedingly tired of Mr. Arnold-Forster's regime. His personal manner is largely responsible for this. He is perhaps the most unpopular member of the Government at the present time.

Sensitive, irritable, self-laudatory, the War Minister has the unhappy knack of making many enemies in the House of Commons. It is known that originally he was Mr. Chamberlain's nominee for the post, and this does not tend to improve his position in the eyes of true-blue Conservatives.

There is no use in minimising the feeling of extreme hostility that at present exists against the Minister for War, and unless something is done speedily he may succeed in wrecking the whole of Mr. Balfour's administration.

How else could it happen that when the annual Army estimate is made the attendance should be so small that an attempt should be made to count on the House? Such an event has never before happened in the experience of the oldest Parliamentarian.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's health is by no means robust, and he may save the situation by resigning, which would surprise nobody, but one thing is certain. The Volunteer question and the whole Army question must come before the House again before the vacation, and on that occasion there will be a much more pronounced attack upon the Government from their own side than they have experienced before.

All Mr. Forster's career shows that he approaches the Army question in an absolutely feeble and short-sighted way, and an important section of the Cabinet is in secret sympathy with the revolt against him, this being largely due to the fact that the matter of the Volunteer circular was never laid before the Council of Ministers.

REDISTRIBUTION DOOMED.

It is remonstrated to-night that the Speaker will rule that the Redistribution resolutions must be discussed line by line, and clause by clause. Should this prove true, it is practically certain that Mr. Balfour will withdraw the resolutions, appoint the Boundary Commissioners by Royal Warrant, and introduce his Bill next year as an ordinary Government measure.

The Government are greatly dissatisfied with the progress of the Scotch Education Bill, and it is practically certain now that while they will push the Scotch Church Bill through, the Education measure will share the fate of its unfortunate predecessor last year.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Stoker J. R. Webber, another of the men injured in the explosion on H.M.S. Implacable, died yesterday at Gibraltar.

Last night's "Gazette" recorded the appointment of Count Taro Katsura, Japanese Prime Minister, to be an honorary member of the Civil Division of the First Class of Knights of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

During the hearing of a civil case at Murchison, says a Wellington telegram, the defendant beat himself to atoms with dynamite, and the magistrate and a police-inspector were badly injured, besides the front of the courthouse being blown out.

TRIAL OF THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

Duke of Connaught Watches "Daily Mirror" Competition.

SOME SPLENDID SHOOTING.

The first stage of the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition was entered upon yesterday under glorious conditions.

The Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Lord Chesham, president of the National Rifle Association, General Maxwell, and Colonel Ricardo, commander of the camp, were early at the range where the *Daily Mirror* prizes were being competed for. His Royal Highness was deeply interested in the West-Ashton automatic rifle. He carefully examined it, and asked Mr. Griffiths, who is exhibiting the rifle, many shrewd questions.

Finally the Duke suggested that Mr. Griffiths should give an exhibition of the rifle's powers, and in the course of one minute the automatic rifle fired thirty-seven shots and made twenty-nine hits.

The superiority was demonstrated when Quartermaster-Sergeant Robinson, of the School of Musketry, fired a minute's course with a service rifle. He fired twenty rounds and made fifteen hits in the minute.

Some Famous Shots.

For the rest of the day the range officers were kept busy. "Are you ready up for the *Daily Mirror*," being the constant signal. Some excellent shooting was seen, and the spectators crowded the range, watching such famous shots as Private Ward, Queen's Prize winner in 1897 and 1900, Captain Eches, from the School of Musketry, and Sergeant-Major Wallingford, five times champion shot of the Army, who were amongst the competitors.

The conditions of the competition for yesterday were as follows:—

Open to any single competitor firing with an Automatic Rifle, or to any two competitors each firing with any hand-loaded magazine rifle. (Weight of automatic rifle limited to 30 lb.)

Aggregate value £25, given by the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*, and divided as follows:—
First prize... Yesterday, £12, Saturday, £2nd, £24
Second prize Yesterday, £8, Saturday, £2nd, £16
Third prize... Yesterday, £5, Saturday, £2nd, £10

Distance, 200 yards.
Target, head and shoulders.
Number of shots unlimited.
Entrance fee, 5s.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The target will appear four times, and each appearance will be for nine seconds, with intervals of six seconds between each appearance. Each appearance will be at a different place, and the length of half of the butt (about 25 yards).

2. No competitor or pair of competitors may compete twice consecutively if there are any other competitors waiting to compete.

3. Each pair of competitors must use the same description of rifle, and no competitor may shoot in more than one pair.

4. On Saturday, 22nd, the Biscay committee reserve the right to nominate the order of shooting, and also to cancel special condition No. 2, either in whole or in part, without notice.

Captain Eches and his partner, Captain Lynch Staunton, did some excellent shooting, putting in twenty-six shots in the thirty-six seconds, and registering twenty-three hits. This was wonderful shooting, considering the difficulty of the target. The fact that the target was brown in colour against a sandy background made it a very severe test.

Excitement was intense when Sergeants Wallingford and Robinson in twenty-nine shots recorded twenty-three hits, and tied this score.

Later in the afternoon Captain Eches and Captain Staunton put in twenty-five hits in the minute, and so headed the list of competitors again.

By three o'clock a father and son, Tippens, of the Essex Volunteers, had had six attempts, improving each time until they registered twenty-two hits.

The result of the competition, owing to the number of competitors, cannot be announced until to-day.

THE KING'S SIMPLE TASTE.

So elaborate was the luncheon menu drawn up by the Manchester Corporation that the King insisted on at least one dish being struck out. The fish course—red mullet—was therefore omitted. It was in response to the King's request, too, that the luncheon was a cold one, with the exception of three dishes.

DUCHESS AS RAILWAY GUARD.

At the opening of the Brynmawr and Western Valleys Railway, in Wales, the Duke of Beaufort acted as driver and the Duchess as guard of the first train.

With a green flag her Grace signalled "Right away!" and the Duke, pulling the starting-lever, set the engine and train in motion.

During his examination in bankruptcy at Stratford yesterday, Thomas S. Woodcock swallowed some poison in court, and was removed to the hospital in a serious condition.

DRESSES AT LORD'S.

Visions of Beauty Watch the Fight Between Eton and Harrow.

Which was brightest and prettiest at Lord's yesterday, the cricket or the many dresses that fringed the enclosure with visions of delight?

While the cricket was going on, and the Harrow boys were making their Eton rivals run all over the field, this question was difficult to answer, but when the bell for lunch rang and the retreating cricketers were swamped in an inrush of deluge of light blue, cream, mauve, heliotrope, pink, and all the shades that dressmakers ever imagined, there was only one reply.

It was in favour of the dresses.

Every year the dress parade at the Eton and Harrow match seems to become more fairy-like, more entrancing, and more satisfactory to the financial side of the West End modiste's business.

And that these fairy-clad forms do not intend to suffer from physical degeneracy if strawberries and cream can prevent it, was proved by the fact that every one of the 113 luncheon arbours had been appropriated for parties, and that temptingly placed tables jostled one another all round the ground.

The little sons of the Prince of Wales had announced their intention of being taken "to see the big boys play." That is one of the reasons why the big boys played so well.

"DR." BODIE'S FINE.

Medical Journal Does Not Think the Penalty Sufficiently Heavy.

"The magistrate convicted, but the amount of the fine imposed—£5 and £5 5s. costs—appears to us not to be commensurate with the gravity of the case."

In these words the "British Medical Journal" expresses its dissatisfaction at the penalty recently inflicted upon "Dr." Walford Bodie for using medical titles and not adding that they were American degrees. "Dr." Bodie professes to cure people on music-hall stages by mesmerism and hypnotism. Here, says the "Medical Journal," was an unqualified person making use of the very highest degrees in surroundings where the public might easily be deceived. He held himself out to treat the incurable by more or less occult arts. It is rather surprising that the magistrate should have considered that the circumstances of this case mitigated the offence committed.

By assuming titles which he did not possess, for the purpose of impressing himself on the frequenters of music-halls, the defendant had brought an honourable profession into contempt, and the case might therefore have been deemed one for the infliction of exemplary punishment.

TRAPPED BY AN EXPLOSION

Burglar Draws a Crowd Around Him by Overturning Compressed Oxygen.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—A nineteen-year-old burglar had an exciting experience here the other day.

In spite of the fact that Bastien Lauchon makes a speciality of robbing chemists' shops, his luck was out when he undertook the burgling of a chemical factory in the Rue de St. Jacques.

He was disturbed by the arrival of one of the pupils at the factory, and in his haste to depart overturned a receptacle containing about 70 gallons of compressed oxygen.

The explosion shattered the factory, and Lauchon, taken for an anarchist, was caught in the Boulevard St. Germaine by the crowd that gathered.

LORD C. BERESFORD AND MATADOR.

Mr. John Ellis, M.P., has given notice to ask whether the attention of the Admiralty has been drawn to the presence of the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, with his officers, at a bull fight in Spain, at which the first bull is stated to have been killed in honour of Lord Charles Beresford, who thereupon shook hands with the matador and presented him with a sum of £20.

£520 FOR A SNUFF-BOX.

At Christie's yesterday an oblong gold snuff-box, the property of the late Sir John Barran, Bart., realised £520. The lid was set with a miniature of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, and in the base is an enamel with a Nymph and Cupid.

TIME WASTED ON SHAVING.

It has been calculated, says the "British Medical Journal," that a man who lives to the age of seventy and shaves every day expends as much time in making his face smooth as would have sufficed for the learning of seven languages.

TORMENT OF REMORSE

Man Sentenced for Murder Committed 23 Years Ago.

ACCUSED BY CONSCIENCE.

That "murder will out" was once more proved at Durham Assizes yesterday, when John Appleton, aged fifty, was sentenced to death for a crime committed twenty-three years ago.

Between July 2 and 8, 1882, a man named William Ledger was murdered at Pitty Me Place, near Durham.

Ledger was a miner on tramp in search of work, and was last seen alive on July 2, 1882. On July 8 his body was found in a wayside pool of water, and it was evident from marks on it that he had been the victim of foul play.

Police efforts to discover the murderer were fruitless, and the case was forgotten until last March.

Then Appleton, who had been taken into custody at Yarmouth for some minor offence, told the whole story of the tragedy.

In company with a man named Earnshaw, who has since died, Appleton walked from Yarmouth to Newcastle in search of work. Failing to find it, they set upon Ledger on a lonely road, and knocked him down with sticks.

Safe in Prison.

They robbed him of a watch and chain, leaving his dead body where it was subsequently found, and continued on their journey north. At Edinburgh they got into prison for stealing.

When they were released the search for Ledger's murderers had slackened, and they kept their secret well.

But remorse preyed upon Appleton, and the impulse to confess grew stronger as the years went on. When making his confession he stated that he had taken drink to give him courage enough to tell all he knew.

Yesterday Appleton pleaded Not Guilty, and declared that the confession made by him was untrue. He accounted for it by saying he had received a bad blow on the head thirty-five years ago, and was sometimes subject to delusions.

Counsel for the prosecution pointed out that the confession was corroborated in detail by the investigations of the police, and bore the stamp of probability, and a verdict of Guilty was returned.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW.

Man Shoots His Wife in the Presence of His Little Ones.

The Camp Hill district of Birmingham has been the scene of a mysterious domestic tragedy, a young man named Blakemore having murdered his wife and committed suicide in the presence of his three young children.

The man, who came from Manchester, had taken lodgings, where the crime was enacted, and was preparing to move into a house. He seemed very hopeful about his prospects.

On Thursday night the household were disturbed by piercing shrieks.

The landlady called another lodger, forcing their way into Blakemore's bedroom, found that he had shot his wife and then, after putting the revolver back into its case, had cut his throat.

His young children were present at the time.

£3,000 VANISHED.

Cotton Broker's Clerk Cleverly Robbed in the Streets of Liverpool.

Six Bank of England notes, each for £500, have been lost in Liverpool under mysterious circumstances.

A clerk, in the employ of Messrs. A. J. Burton and Co., cotton brokers, after cashing a cheque for £3,000 odd at the Bank of England branch, proceeded to Parr's Bank, only a few yards away, with the intention of depositing the money there.

But when he felt in the pocket in which he had placed the notes he discovered that they had disappeared. There only remained a small sum in gold and silver, representing the balance of the amount for which the cheque was drawn.

EX-POLICEMAN'S NEW ROLE.

Charged with keeping a stable for betting purposes, an ex-policeman named James Kay was fined £40 at St. Helens yesterday. His son, for assisting him, was mulcted in £10.

FLED TO A CONVENT.

A *decree nisi* was granted yesterday by Mr. Justice Baggave Deane to Mrs. Genevieve Curtis on the ground of her husband's desertion and misconduct. Mrs. Curtis had been forced to take refuge in a Johannesburg convent owing to her husband's behaviour.

SLEEP FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

Hours Allowed for Slumber Not Long Enough at Present.

The old adage that six hours' sleep is the proper quantity for a man, given for a woman, and eight for a fool is vigorously attacked in this week's "Lancet."

There seems to be a striking agreement among medical and scientific writers that at present we err on the side of deficient allowance of sleep.

The necessity of longer hours of sleep for growing children is especially insisted upon.

While no hard and fast rules can be made, since all children are not alike in their needs, a general rule is laid down as follows:—

Boys from nine to thirteen years of age should go to bed at 9.30 and breakfast at 8 a.m., thus securing ten hours' sleep. From thirteen to eighteen the growing lad should retire at ten and breakfast at 7.30, sleeping nine hours.

Lessons before breakfast are stoutly condemned, and careful attention to all cases of sleeplessness in children is urged.

The common-sense laws of health have only recently been recognised by the general body of the public.

The "Lancet" more than hints that the conservatism of the average schoolmaster, as shown by the system of education still in vogue, makes change of any kind very difficult to bring about.

Hence, it is concluded, some of our great schools are behind the times in their health arrangements. What schools does the "Lancet" mean?

SIMPLICITY IN YACHTING.

Days of the Luxurious "Floating Palace" Are Numbered.

Among the other charges laid against the motor-car is that it has destroyed the taste for yachting.

The season is the very worst known at Southampton for many years, says "Syden and Shipping," is practically no new boats are building.

The old floating palace seems doomed in any case, for the latest fad in steam yachts is seaman-like simplicity.

An instance is the new 1,000-ton twin-screw yacht Honor, which Baron de Forest has just put into commission at Leith.

Baron de Forest is the adopted son and heir of the late Baron Hirsch, and his new yacht is Spartan in its simplicity.

No pictures, no luxurious upholstery are to be seen, and the very electric wires, instead of hiding behind the panels, are plainly to be noticed on the surface of the mouldings.

Other yachts on the same lines are contemplated.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude Close Their Nine Years' Association.

The famous partnership between Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude, at the Haymarket Theatre, which has lasted for over nine years, comes to an end to-night.

The first venture under the partnership was "Under the Red Robe," which was an immediate success. But success has been the keynote of the Haymarket throughout its career under these two managers.

Among the most successful plays have been "The Manoeuvres of Jane," "Cousin Kate," "The Second in Command," "Frocks and Frills," "Beauty and the Barge."

Mr. Maude says that his favourite parts have been, first, Binks, in "The Second in Command," then Sir Peter Teazle, and a close third Captain Barley, in "Beauty and the Barge."

After a short holiday Mr. Maude intends to start a provincial tour at the end of August, and hopes to open in London, possibly at the Avenue Theatre, about the end of the year.

WHAT BOOK IS THIS?

An injunction was granted yesterday on behalf of Mr. George Alexander against Messrs. Wright, booksellers, for infringing his copyright in a book and play written by the late Oscar Wilde. The name of the book was not mentioned.

Messrs. Wright did not oppose the injunction, and had, in fact, ceased to sell the book as soon as they heard of the claim. Negotiations as to a settlement were in progress.

"NO CLASS" ON DISTRICT TRAINS.

Complaint is made that there are no first-class smoking carriages on the new Metropolitan and District electric trains.

Information has been given the *Daily Mirror*, on the best authority, that the company intends to do away with "class" altogether, and that no distant danger is made of all the carriages of the same type as the present so-called third-class.

LADY MACLEAN IN TEARS.

Weeps While Her Daughter Gives Evidence Against Her.

MOORISH WITNESSES.

Lady Maclean began to cry. The jurymen looked as if they wished they were far away from that uncomfortable jury-box and such painful scenes.

Counsel, used as they are to watching the despair, misery, and every other distressing emotion of men and women, obviously would have preferred to have been sitting in the next court.

It was the third day of the Kaid Maclean divorce case, and a second daughter of the respondent had entered the witness-box to give evidence against her mother.

While her eldest daughter, Hebe, was accusing her on Thursday, Lady Maclean "bore up," and maintained her composure, but when another daughter, Nora, came to supplement the accusation the burden was too much; tears started to the mother's eyes, and she broke down.

Miss Nora Maclean, in contrast to her sister, Hebe is a tall girl with a typical English figure. She was dressed simply and tastefully, and she dispensed with the assistance of a fan, which her sister had found so necessary.

Gift of a Moorish Steed.

She repeated what Miss Hebe Maclean had said about trips with her mother from Tangier to Gibraltar, and about the acquaintance of her mother and the other members of the family with Mr. Mortimer, the co-respondent, an officer of the "Gib." garrison.

Among her mother's presents to the young officer, she said, were a Moorish steed, and a Moorish dagger.

She wondered why her mother and Mr. Mortimer were "so often alone."

She was then asked about "Mr. G," who, it is alleged, accompanied Mr. Mortimer on his visits to Tangier with the sole object of making himself agreeable to Miss Nora.

"Mr. G," you considerable attention?" Mr. Barnard, K.C., queried, with a cross-examining smile.

Miss Nora admitted the soft impeachment with a frank little "Yes."

She added that her mother had given another dagger to "Mr. G," this evidently being a fashionable form of present in Tangier society.

Mr. Wilcock, who represents Mr. Mortimer, also had a delicate question to ask.

"Did you know that Mr. Mortimer was paying attentions to your sister?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "but it was only to throw dust in her eyes."

"Did you tell your mother or sister what you thought?" counsel continued.

"I did not like to," answered the young girl simply.

Just as in tragedy played on the stage, and not in a law court, "comic relief" is afforded by the entrance of some grotesque characters, so the painful tension of daughter bearing witness against weeping mother was not broken by the procession of weirdly-habited Moors into the witness-box.

Moors in the Witness-Box.

The first of them, Si Taher, had arrayed himself in sky-blue, which contrasted elegantly with a scarlet turban.

It was Si Taher who looked after Lady Maclean's Arab steeds, and he spoke with great volubility—through an interpreter—to seeing Mr. Mortimer in a "white night costume," which is Moorish for pyjamas.

Si Taher looked somewhat like Raisuli—he will pardon the comparison—but Adji Kabbour, who followed (white costume with more coloured turban) had a face which would have done credit to Othello.

Yet another Moor, who had to be carried into court because he had been taking part—shades of the Saltee Rovers!—in an electric-car accident, was called as a witness, and was honoured by being called by the president "a picturesque document."

The Moors gave evidence about the routine at the house at Tangier. They appeared quite happy, and evidently did not know that the Kaid had previously said in the witness-box that Moors sometimes do not tell the truth.

They had been sworn on the Koran, and all looked honest men, so that it was unnecessary to adopt the custom understood to be adopted occasionally towards witnesses in Morocco, viz., to bastinado them every ten minutes during their testimony.

The Cadi of the Divorce Court adjourned the case until Tuesday.

DANGER OF KISSING MATRONS.

At Dublin Police Court yesterday Patrick McInerney was charged with "kissing every woman he came across."

In answer to the magistrate, the policeman stated that one, a married woman, had complained, whereas a young girl "did not object at all."

The amorous prisoner was fined 10s. or a week.

BRIDAL SURROUNDS Tragic Death of Honeymoon Couple.

Circumstances of mystery and peculiar pathos still surround the death of Mr. C. H. Taylor, a young man of twenty-two, and his bride, aged nineteen, who were found dead in lodgings at Peterborough on Thursday, two days after a joyous wedding.

Taylor was a native of York and had engaged successfully in several businesses at Lowestoft, where he met his wife, who was employed at one of the large establishments in the place.

The festivities after the wedding were of a most joyous description, and when the young people arrived at Peterborough and engaged lodgings in Russell-street it was noticed that they were devoted to one another.

Mrs. Taylor retired to rest early on Wednesday night. Her husband stayed up late reading and smoking.

Early in the morning P.C. Carter heard a sound of shooting, and rushing to the house found the bedroom door barricaded with a chain.

Pushing his way in he discovered the young wife dead. The husband was barely alive, and was swaying his arms about frantically.

Amongst the letters found on the wife was one from her brother:—

I do earnestly hope that the step you are taking will prove to the happiness of your husband and yourself, and that you will try to make each other happy.

An aunt wrote:—

Hope both of you will become members of the same church. Deeply sorry I shall not see your intended before you are married.

Only 4s. was found in the pockets of the dead man's clothes.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Murder and suicide was returned against the husband.

AUTOMATIC MAN.

"Enigmarelle" Unmoved by the Ordeal of a Police Court Fine.

Waiting patiently in his motor-car, Enigmarelle, the mechanical man from the Hippodrome, preserved his usual calm demeanour while Mr. Trussell and Mr. Garrick, his "employers," were each fined 40s. and 2s. costs at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday for "obstructing the traffic."

It was alleged that a crowd of about six thousand people had assembled on the 3rd inst. in Shaftesbury-avenue when Enigmarelle took his walk abroad.

With the exception of his motor-car jaunt to Marlborough-street to-day, when he probably expected to be called as a witness, Enigmarelle has been obliged to keep to his rooms.

But he appears to be in excellent health and, though not sunburnt, is by no means pale.

STRANGE MEETING INCIDENT

Extraordinary Evidence of the Mysterious Double Tragedy in Hyde Park.

The strange double tragedy in Hyde Park, where the bodies of a sailor named Stephenson and a young girl, named Mary Archer, were found early last Wednesday morning, still remains a mystery, in spite of a coroner's inquiry yesterday.

The jury decided that the man had fired the fatal shots, but doubt was cast on this theory by Dr. Freyberger, who said post-mortem appearances make it look as if the woman shot the man and then shot herself.

The story of the first meeting of these two people, as told by the dead man to his sister, is also a singular one.

Last Sunday, said Stephenson, whilst I was at Waterloo waiting for my train, resting my head in hands and feeling very sad, a girl came up to me and laughed. I said "It is nothing to laugh at."

Then just as I was getting into my train she put her hands round my neck and kissed me. I gave her my address, but I haven't heard from her all the week."

Apparently he heard later, though the reason for the tragic ending to this curious love story will never be revealed.

A POPULAR MAGAZINE.

The experiment of printing a section of the "London" Magazine in colour has proved so popular that it is continued in the July number, a series of delightful pictures of stage beauties being the subject so treated. In this number also appears the first instalment of a new serial romance, "The Love-Stone," by Alice and Claude Askew, two writers whose novel, "The Shulamite," was one of the most striking of last year's works of fiction.

Mr. Max Pemberton, Miss Winifred Graham, Mrs. E. Nesbit, and other well-known writers all contribute to the current number of this popular magazine.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE. Amorous Farmer Pays £40 for Writing Childish Letters.

WOOLING IN HASTE.

Is me wicked for not writing yesterday? Does 'oo want to be married? Of course, 'oo do. 'Oo are a pretty, sweet darling, and me does love 'oo more than 'oo thinks.

During their brief engagement Mr. John Butlin, a poultry farmer of Sunbury-on-Thames, sent this touching letter to Miss Laura Tomkins, a young lady living in West Hartlepool.

But unfortunately his ardour cooled, and at the Durham Assizes yesterday Miss Tomkins brought an action for breach of promise against him. Possibly affected by the fact that this and other love-letters would be read in court, Mr. Butlin did not defend the case, and the young lady was awarded £40 damages.

It was a holiday trip of Miss Tomkins that led to her acquaintance with the poultry farmer. While she was visiting some friends at Sunbury-on-Thames in July, 1903, Mr. Butlin wrote to her hostess asking for an introduction, to which Miss Tomkins had no objection.

Very Hasty Wooling.

Mr. Butlin failed to see her before she went home, but, nothing daunted, he wrote to her in the following January, saying he had seen her photograph, and "I will send you one of myself that was taken in khaki before I went to South Africa. Another one makes me look like a waiter. I am not at all nice-looking, but rather ugly."

He followed this up, said Mr. Luck, the plaintiff's counsel, by practically inviting himself to the house of Mr. Tomkins. He gave the young lady who was only nineteen at the time, a gold bangle, and a day or two later proposed marriage.

With the consent of Miss Tomkins's father they became engaged, within a few days of their first meeting. Then this rapid wooer commenced an extremely affectionate correspondence. On February 9 he wrote:—

"My Own Lovely Darling,—I am only finding out how much I love you. We do understand one another, and nothing shall keep us apart. I am coming for Whitsuntide, you loveliest of loves."

Wanted Affectionate Letters.

In his next letter he asked her to write him a letter—"a beautiful letter"—and fill it up with "darlings" and "sweethearts." In a further letter he spoke about her beautiful face, saying he put a capital F because her face was so valuable.

There was another letter, in which he said he was looking forward to their marriage so that she could help him by looking after the chicken incubators. Shortly afterwards he sent her a bicycle.

Then came a sudden change in the tone of his letters. In May he wrote breaking off the engagement, saying that he found he did not care for her as much as he thought he did, and his father opposed the marriage.

After Miss Tomkins had given evidence, Mr. Justice Jeff told the jury he did not think either of the parties had acted very wisely, but it was not what could be called a cruel case.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

A Source of Helpful Information to All Holiday-Seekers.

Everyone has a different idea as to the best place in which to spend a holiday. Many want advice on the subject, and it is one on which no one individual is able to give a definite decision, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible to gauge exactly another individual's tastes, and without being able to do that it is impossible to decide.

The most satisfactory method—and the one adopted by the "Daily Mirror Holiday Resort Guide"—is to collect all the real holiday information about the various places, then all can decide for themselves the places that would suit them most. This has been done in a very satisfactory manner in the excellent threepenny publication referred to.

THE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

An eminent mental specialist has been instructed to make an examination into the mental condition of the man Devereux, who is charged with murdering his wife and twin children.

The examination will probably take place on Monday.

MERCIFUL EMPLOYER.

Mr. George Cross, timber merchant, of Edmonton, was moved to tears when at Wood Green yesterday he prosecuted Reginald Grosvenor, a clerk, for taking £10 which did not belong to him.

Although the robbed employer begged for him to be let off, the magistrates sentenced Grosvenor to a month's hard labour.

CONQUERING HORSE. How the Motor-Omnibus Is Conquering London Traffic Problem.

A remarkable increase is taking place in the number of motor-omnibuses in the London streets. At the beginning of this year there were only three motor-omnibus routes in London—viz., Marble Arch to Cripplewood, Oxford-circuit to Peckham, and Oxford-circuit to Hammersmith.

At the present time over a dozen companies are operating these vehicles. The following will give some idea of the great development that has taken place during the past six months:—

T. Tilling, Limited.—Peckham and Oxford-circuits.

London Motor-Omnibus Company.—Law Courts and Brondesbury Station.

London General Omnibus Company.—Hammersmith and Oxford-circuits (via Kensington-road).

London Road-Car Company.—Hammersmith and Oxford-circuits (round Shepherd's Bush); Hammersmith and Victoria Station.

Other Companies.—Peckham to Oxford-circuits; Peckham to Finchley; Oxford-circuits and Brixton Hill.

There are now seventy-five motor-omnibuses running in London, and about twenty-five more are nearly ready for use.

The "Vanguard" motor-omnibuses on the route between the Law Courts and Brondesbury have sometimes realised as much as £20 a week on a single vehicle. A horse omnibus never takes more than £16 a week.

The average daily run for a horse omnibus is seventy-five miles, but a motor will do about 110.

"CINGALEE" CASE SETTLED.

Captain Fraser To Be Paid £2,000 for His Claim on Mr. George Edwardes.

The long litigation in regard to "The Cingalee" came to an end in the Appeal Court yesterday.

It will be remembered that Captain F. J. Fraser, of the Indian Army, claimed an injunction to restrain Mr. George Edwardes, the well-known theatrical manager from continuing to present "The Cingalee" at Daly's Theatre, or from producing it elsewhere, on the ground that the play was an infringement of the plaintiff's sole right in a play which he had written and which had not been published, called "The Hanjiahn; or the Lotus Girl."

In this action he was awarded £3,000 damages, and Mr. Edwardes appealed.

Yesterday it was announced that the parties consented that Captain Fraser should be paid £2,000 to settle the litigation, all imputations being withdrawn and all claims discharged.

OLD MASTER AS ASSET.

Paul Veronese in Possession of Ex-Consul Ruined by Son's Extravagance.

Among the assets of Mr. John Rendall, who was examined in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, is a picture by Paul Veronese, entitled "Introduction of Columbus to the Gods of Olympus."

The picture, which was a legacy, is now on loan at the Peckham Free Library.

Mr. Rendall, who was once Vice-Consul of the Cape Verde Islands, attributes his financial embarrassment to paying the debts of his son, amounting to £6,000 or £7,000.

The statement of affairs shows that a surplus of over £2,000 is expected to be realised.

CHILD IN WICKER CAGE.

Coroner on Difficulties of Working Wives Who Cannot Afford Servants.

"It is very difficult for poor people, who cannot afford to keep a servant, to look after their children sufficiently to keep them out of mischief."

So said Dr. Walde yesterday when conducting an inquest on the body of Kate Florence Gourley, three years of age, when her mother's back was turned, climbed out to the window-sill and fell a distance of forty-five feet.

The coroner remarked that he knew of one mother who had a large wicker cage made, and used to lock up her child in it when she was busy.

For the Holidays.

A bright companion will be found in the JULY "LONDON" MAGAZINE, which teems with interest on every page. Special articles, with exquisite photographs and pictures (many in colours) make it one of the most charming numbers ever issued.

ON SALE TO-DAY.

4½d.

ETON OUTPLAY HARROW AT LORD'S.

After a Good Start the Harrovians
Fall Before Methuen and Hatfield.

WICKET TOO FAST.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

Winning the toss, a great step in a little-drawn two days' match, did Harrow but little good yesterday, for, despite an excellent start by Bird and Brandt, the whole side was shot out for 199.

There was absolutely no reason for this mediocre score other than the fact that the Harrow people never get a wicket anything like the pace of Lord's, owing to the clay under the Sixth Form ground, through which it is almost impossible for rain to filter.

Bird and Brandt opened for Harrow on a wicket as plumb as a billiard-table. The cricket was interesting and full of incident, runs coming at a good pace, especially from Bird. Bird is a fine player of the dashing type, some of his off shots being brilliant in the extreme, especially a slashing drive between cover and extra.

HARROW BEAMING.

Brandt was lucky, and frightened the Harrow contingent with a number of upshot shots which only just failed to go to hand. There seemed to be little very dreadful in the bowling, however; Hatfield, who bowled to go with his arm, and who, therefore, could get no one out leg-before off a good-length ball, being the best of the Eton performers with the leather.

With 61 runs on the board there was delight on Harrow faces when the first wicket fell. Bird, who had played delightful cricket, and seemed to be well set, misjudging a slow, dropping full-pitch, which was almost a Yorker, 61-1-36.

Followed Eiloart and a useful stand. Both plodded along, and the 100 was reached amidst great applause without further loss. Disaster then followed, however. Brandt (45), Eiloart (16), and Crake, the Harrow captain (2) all being out at 125. Baker and Reunert put on just 20 before the former was caught high up right handed by Gold, the best field of the side, for 22. The catch should have been an easier one, however, for Gold ran in instead of going back.

BAKER'S GOOD SHOTS.

Baker made some fine shots during his knock, including a fine off-drive and a good push to the on.

With the brothers Reunert together some good running and good cricket were seen, but in the end C. Reunert was run out in the stupidest manner. His brother called him for a short run, and remained in his crease, C. Reunert being easily run out while half-way between the wickets. T. Reunert was bowled by the last ball, before lunch, a slow one that might have been punched with advantage.

After the interval the innings lasted but a few minutes, Pike and Watson being bowled by Hatfield, the effort closing for 199.

Of the Eton bowlers, Hatfield and Methuen were easily the best. Both bowled a good, steady length throughout, though there seemed little in their stuff on a very perfect wicket. The fielding, though keen, was never brilliant, with the exception of Gold, who was very good at cover-point, and Tufnell, who kept wicket extremely well.

HATFIELD UNCOMFORTABLE.

Eton started their first innings at about 3.15 with Astor and H. S. Hatfield. Astor, who showed the same absence of nerves as he did at Queen's, when he won the Public Schools Raquets, played confidently and well from the start, being especially strong in pushing the ball on the leg-peg round to square.

Without a run being scored, Hatfield should have been easily caught at short-stop by Morris, to whom he was very uncomfortable. It was not till 43, however, that the first wicket fell, Hatfield being leg-before to the same bowler for 11.

C. Reunert came on for Pike, and having bowled

(Continued on page 14.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Claimants for the Dunsford flieth next Wednesday include an elderly clergyman of the Church of England, who has been married for over half a century, and a young London workman and his wife.

Newport shipping clerks have this summer taken to hay-making at nights by way of exercise.

Two deaf mutes were married at Haworth (Yorkshire) parish church, the service being interpreted in the finger and sign language.

Sir John Barran, Bart., of Chapel Allerton Hall, Leeds, probate of whose will was granted yesterday, left an estate of the gross value of £408,048.

Burnley Fair holidays began yesterday, when an exodus of sixty thousand people commenced. It is estimated that they will spend over £100,000 before next Saturday.

In a thick fog the Brighton, a Bristol Channel pleasure steamer, ran ashore on the Cherrystones, Mumbles, yesterday. All the passengers were safely landed; but the vessel floated later.

Almost within a stone's-throw of the Abbey, the new monastery of the Cowley Fathers, erected at Westminster, is to be opened next Thursday, when the foundation stone of the monastic chapel will be laid.

Greenwich has been transformed into a kind of seaside town now that the London County Council steamboat service is in full swing. Thousands of visitors run down every day, with the result that the hotels and parks are at present enjoying a patronage unknown to them for years.

Great enthusiasm was evoked at the Baptist World Congress in Exeter Hall yesterday when a telegram was read from King Edward, in which his Majesty thanked the ministers and delegates for the message from the congress to himself and the Queen.

Alderman Stephens, Mayor of Salford, is to receive from his Majesty the honour of knighthood.

Stamps used at Cardiff Town Hall are now perforated with a neat representation of the borough coat-of-arms.

Over £23,000 a year from pupils alone is received by the Guildhall School of Music, which has 124 professors and no fewer than eighty-four pianos.

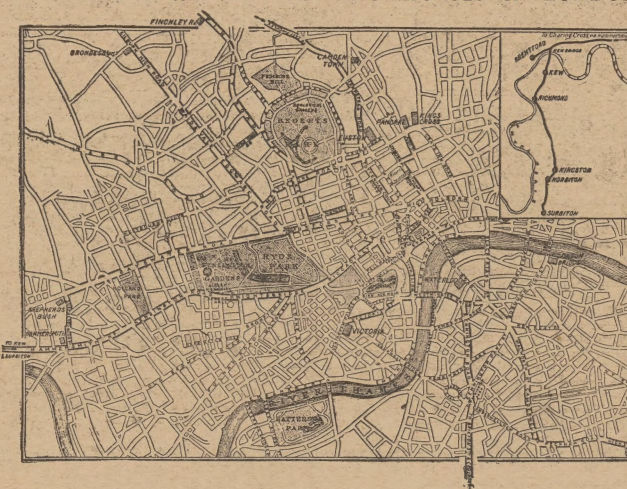
Knocked down during the royal procession in Streteford on Thursday, Police-constable Grebbin succumbed to his injuries in Manchester Infirmary yesterday.

Believed to have been Ireland's oldest Freemason, Mr. Samuel Weir died at Belfast aged ninety. For sixty-six years he was an Orangeman, and for two decades a poor-law guardian.

With a bottle containing laudanum beside her, a lady was found lying prostrate across the grave of a late vicar at the South Derbyshire village of Newhall yesterday. She was identified as his widow.

Mr. Balfour yesterday informed Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., that he considers it hardly practicable to communicate with foreign Governments with a view to abolishing the use of submarine vessels for the purposes of war.

HOW MOTORS ARE SUPERSEDING HORSES IN LONDON.



The map shows the number of routes in London on which motor-omnibus services are already established. Every day the number of motors in use is increased.—(By permission of "Motoring, Illustrated.")

Partially restored, the historic cathedral on the Island of Iona was opened for public worship yesterday with befitting ceremony.

"It is the duty of a wife to make her husband as comfortable as she can, even if he is out of work," said a magistrate to a woman at West Ham Police Court yesterday.

Five hundred pickers in ten hours gathered sufficient strawberries to fill twenty-seven vans at a Wrexham fruit farm. A motor-car took 300 baskets to Liverpool before noon.

Having a juryman in excess of the required number at St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday, Mr. Walter Schroeder said that one could leave if he desired. Strange to say, all of them preferred to remain.

Sir Nigel Kingscote and Sir William Carington respectively represented King Edward and the Prince of Wales at a memorial service held at St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday, for Sir Jacob Wilson, K.C.V.O. Prince Christian was also present.

Erected by the grateful French colony in London to the memory of the late Dr. Achille Vintres, a bust was unveiled in the hall of the French Hospital in Shaftesbury-avenue by M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, yesterday. Dr. Vintres was one of the founders of the institution.

From Australia, there reached the Edinburgh Post Office a letter, the address of which was simply "Frank-place, Scotland." But there was not an hour's delay. A Border man in the office said at once: "That's in Hawick," and the missive was delivered by first post.

IMPROVEMENT IN GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

Confidence in Cheap Money Prospects and Political Peace.

CONSOLS LEAD THE WAY.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—The gilt-edged improvement is maintained. There is every show of confidence on the prolonged cheap money prospects and the political settlements. The situation is quite different, the dealers argue, from that of a few weeks ago. So prices mount upwards, in spite of new issue expectations. Consols, for instance, have gone up to 90½, and all the leading gilt-edged stocks are following them.

There is, in fact, quite a reasonable show of optimism all round, with the exception of Kailirs, where the public do nothing. Generally speaking, brokers report some slackening in investment business to-day, but speak hopefully of the future. The East Indian Railway Three per Cent. Debenture issue is out at 92.

Home Rails have shaken off their dividend fears. The investors are nibbling at the prior charges and other of the highest class of stock. Metropolitan, however, show some weakness at 91, and some of the pessimists predict a fair reduction in the dividend in this case.

AMERICAN FLAT-CATCHING RUSE.

The wirepullers seem to be steadily at work in American Rails. In spite of New York sending over less confident prices, nearly all leading counters except Steels were put better here. The market finished not quite so good as it had been, and certainly London brokers are very chary about advising their clients to buy Americans, being for the most part of opinion that the movement is an artificial one, merely engineered as a flat-catching operation. Southern Pacific are the closing feature.

Foreign Rails have again been a feature. It is becoming quite a daily story, and there is no getting away from it.

The various Stock Exchanges seem in holiday mood. Paris was closed to-day, and will be closed tomorrow. Manchester had a holiday yesterday, and Glasgow has one to-morrow. London, they say, is to have one to-morrow week. Though Paris was closed, most Paris favourite stocks were better. There was a better tendency for Russians, in spite of the rumour, since contradicted, that M. de Witte is not enthusiastic over his appointment as peace commissioner.

JAPANESE BUOYANCY.

Japanese descriptions were firmer all round. In fact, there was quite buoyancy in them as a result of the loan success. They put the new scrip up to 1 7-16, and the older one to 3½ premium. Quite a big business was done, too, in the 6 per cent. Internal Exchequer bonds, which are relatively so much cheaper than the older issues, and in seven years' time must be repaid at "par." They improved to 94½.

There being no public to keep the Kaffir market up, prices were a little inclined to give way. The "bears" had another onslaught, but covered quickly at the close, which was firm. There was a rather less satisfactory tendency in the Westralian market, but Egyptians and West Africans seemed to be a little better. In the former group it was due to "shop" support. In the latter group it was chiefly some of the lower priced things like Effentias and East Consols which were supported. There is another record Rhodesian gold output—35,256 ounces.

The prospectus will be issued early next week of the "Otto" Electrical Manufacturing Co. (1905), Ltd. The company, which will have a share capital of £75,000, has been formed to acquire and extend the business of the manufacturing and sale of the "Otto" Electric Lamp, a new type of lamp which is expected will revolutionise the arc lamp trade.

The lamp has been tested by the Faraday House Institute. The promoters have agreed that no dividend should be paid on 15,000 shares, which they receive as part of the purchase price, until 100 per cent. of the company's capital has been earned in profits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VENEZUELAN RAILS (F. S.): Speculative, but the market expects general improvement. LEOPOLDINAS (W. L.): Hopeful. LAGUNAS SYNDICATES (Casual): Fair.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

HOPE FOR IRELAND.

WHAT the "Independent Orange Order of Ireland" may be is not quite clear. Orangemen we know. Their idea of independence is shouting, "To Hell with the Pope." The "Independent Order" is evidently far in advance of that. Indeed, they appear from the manifesto they have just issued to be the most sensible people in all Ireland.

They have come to the conclusion that it is very foolish for Irish Protestants and Irish Roman Catholics to devote all their energies to abusing one another instead of working together like wise men for the good of their country.

Ireland, they see, will never get anything done for her by either of the two English parties unless it happens to suit their tactics of the moment. The Liberals, it is true, took up Home Rule, but that was only in order to dish the Conservatives. The Conservatives gave Ireland a scheme of Land Purchase, but for no other reason than that it seemed a useful party move.

Both sides in the House of Commons regard Ireland merely as a pawn in the game they are playing. That is just how they regard also the Unemployed, the Income Tax, Redistribution, Fiscal Policy, the Army, and the Volunteers.

Mr. Parnell saw that the only hope for Ireland was to found a party independent of Whigs and Tories. He did it, too, but when his strong hand was taken away, the party fell to pieces.

Now perhaps a stronger party than Mr. Parnell's may be on the eve of birth. The most solid and the most cultivated elements both in the North and in the South can, if they only decide to work together, do more for Ireland in five years than will be done in fifty if things remain as they are. **B. R.**

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Wear light clothing—light both in texture and in hue.

Avoid tight clothing; have plenty of room and ventilation.

Eat less than usual and vary your diet from the ordinary.

Little meat, scarcely any fat; not much sugary or starchy foods.

Plenty of salad, plenty of vegetables, plenty of fruit.

No alcohol until your day's work is over; very little then.

Lots of water, sipped quietly, not drunk off in long draughts.

Very little ice; very few ices—none if you have a weak digestion.

Drink hot tea or coffee if you want something that will really cool you.

Walk on the shady side of the road; don't hurry, and, above all, DON'T WORRY. **E. B.**

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Success and happiness are only to be had in giving up our own will.—General Gordon.

COMPTON Place, Eastbourne, where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining the King this week-end, is not a very large place, but is extremely pleasant in warm weather. The grounds are delightful at this time of the year, and they are quite secluded from the public. The Duchess of Devonshire is particularly fond of Compton Place, and goes there as often as she can during the summer months. The peace and quiet of the stay there will certainly be a welcome change to the King after his busy journey in the north.

Early next month the Duke and Duchess will receive their usual shooting-party at Bolton Abbey for the Twelfth of August. Amongst the guests invited are Lord de Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. Harry Stonor, and one or two others who go up regularly every August to shoot over the Duke's famous moors. In all probability the Prince of Wales will be there, too.

The heat wave which has been sweeping over Europe, and has now broken over England, is filling all the watering-places and seaside towns in

left Paris or Vienna. The Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who is staying with the Duchess of Somerset in London, has a most beautifully-situated house about thirty miles north of Prague. It stands on the top of a hill covered with pines, and has a view of the whole valley of the Elbe before it. Here the Princess spends the summer months in painting in her pretty studio, and in playing lawn tennis in the evenings.

The Princess, who is a most unaffected and kind-hearted woman, has the honour of being the wife of a man who had a reputation once as the greatest dandy in the world. Prince Albert of Thurn used, in his very youthful days, to wear a new suit of clothes every day. He never wore the same suit twice, in fact, which makes the generally credited story that King Edward never wears a pair of gloves more than once seem quite commonplace. The sum paid for these suits was £3,000 a year. A thousand neckties a year and 200 pairs of boots scarcely sufficed for him, and his cigarette bill, so it is said, amounted to £200 a year.

The Princess of Monaco, with her son, the Duc de Richelieu, is also coming to England next week

match will take place, whilst the Duchess of Northumberland is to give a big garden-party at Syon House, near Brentford. Special tramcars have been engaged to take the guests backwards and forwards from Hammersmith to Syon Park Gate.

Lord Grenfell will entertain a bachelor party at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, for the horse show week. He has especially invited a team of polo players over, and some first-class matches will be seen on the Phoenix Park polo ground. Before then, however, Lord Grenfell, accompanied by his military secretary, Major St. Aubyn, will go to Harrogate for a course of the waters.

There is a possibility that next year Mrs. Potter Palmer may take a house of her own in London, as she has been so delighted with the present season. It may be remembered that she rented Hampden House, Green-street, from the Duke of Abercorn for a few months, but her tenancy will soon be up, and she will return to Paris. Mrs. Potter Palmer is an exceedingly clever woman, wonderfully well read. She was one of the very few women who were especially invited to be on the council of the St. Louis Exhibition. She is very handsome, with beautiful grey hair, and she possesses some most magnificent jewels.

People are not to be envious who are forced to be in Paris during the celebrations of the Fourteenth of July, which marks the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Of all public holidays this is generally the most rowdy. It is nearly always very hot in the streets free performances are given at all the theatres; turmoil and crowds make the streets hideous. And, after all, the fête has lost a little of its significance after so many years. When the Bastille was stormed it was supposed to be full of oppressed and tortured prisoners, and the early legends of the Revolution represented its ruin as marking the new birth of Liberty.

Alas! you do not introduce Liberty into a country by knocking one of its fortresses down. And as to the oppressed found there on that famous Fourteenth of July, they consisted of two or three old gentlemen who seem to have appreciated their quiet stay in the building immensely, since one of them begged to be allowed to stay there, and seemed horribly distressed at the thought of liberty, with its accompaniment of poverty and homelessness.

Prince and Princess Bathynany will stay in London for a few weeks longer, and then go to Cowes for the Regatta fortnight. They will afterwards go on to Homburg before returning to their beautiful place in Hungary.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Paul Deroulade.

HE has been in exile from fair France ever since that notable day in February, 1899, the day of Felix Faure's funeral, when he seized the bride of General Roguet's horse and incited him with fiery words to march on the Elysée. At last it was understood that the Amnesty Bill, which has been before the French Chamber for some time, would bring him forgiveness and return.

Unfortunately the amnesty was quashed in its budding stage. Malediction! The farewell banquet, the little supper party of welcome to his friends in Paris—all turned to ashes in the sight of M. Deroulade. What was to be done.

He is saved, however, after all. The Government have issued a special decree of pardon for him and his friends, and he leaves his place of exile in peace.

The most fiery, the most irrepressible of Nationalists, his patriotism is of a particularly explosive kind, and shows itself too often in violent hostility towards other French citizens less militant, but no less patriotic than he.

But it has shown itself also in deeds which will live in the minds of Frenchmen—in deeds like his enlistment amongst the common soldiers during the war of 1870. "The knapsack is a heavy load to carry," said his colonel on that occasion, looking dubiously at him. "Not as heavy as shame"—Deroulade's reply was in the grand manner, and he meant it.

He is violent in everything—in his love for France, his hatred for England, his hatred of the actual constitution of the Republic. But his is a noble violence, and in no way does it make France his only taken, or bring child back to her heart again.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 14.—The gardener can rest in July and enjoy the fruits of his labour.

There is little work to be done now. How delightful idle evening hours are, spent in the scented depths of the rose-garden or where the gorgeous blooms of summer hang over winding paths and emerald lawns!

In half shady nooks the beautiful golden-yellow flowers of the St. John's Wort are now to be seen. There are several varieties of this popular plant, the strong-growing shrubby forms being very useful for planting among powerful trees. **E. F. T.**

THE DIFFICULTY OF "WHERE TO GO."



(1) Once upon a time Englishmen used to take their holidays, when they had any, at home and thoroughly enjoy them. (2) Next came the difficulty of deciding which part of England to go to. (3) Then the Continent was opened up to tourists, and the choice became more complicated. (4) Now, with the whole world offering him holiday tours, the holiday-maker's situation has become positively desperate.

Europe. Nearly all the royalties have begun their summer "cures." The King of Greece is at Aix-les-Bains, that most beautiful of all summer towns, by the waters of Lac Bourget. Hundreds of well-known English people, so I hear from a correspondent, are there too—Lord Revelstoke, Lady Cawdor, and General Sir Rupert Hay amongst others. Of other royalties, the Emperor of Austria is at Ischl; the Queen of Holland and her husband at Vet Loo; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria at Marienbad; the King of Saxony in the Austrian Tyrol.

It is tantalising, undoubtedly, to read of the refreshing days spent by these illustrious personages while the mass of men continue to toil in cities. What, for instance, could be more eloquent than these simple words which I read in the social announcements of several papers yesterday: "Lord Balfour of Burleigh has left for a few weeks' stay in Iceland." Iceland—an excellent choice. But to read of that "few weeks' stay" is like seeing a man imbibing cool spring water while you yourself are parched with the thirsts of the desert.

A good many distinguished foreigners are visiting London just at present. The season here lasts so long that those who care to do so may enjoy a kind of second spell of gaiety after everyone has

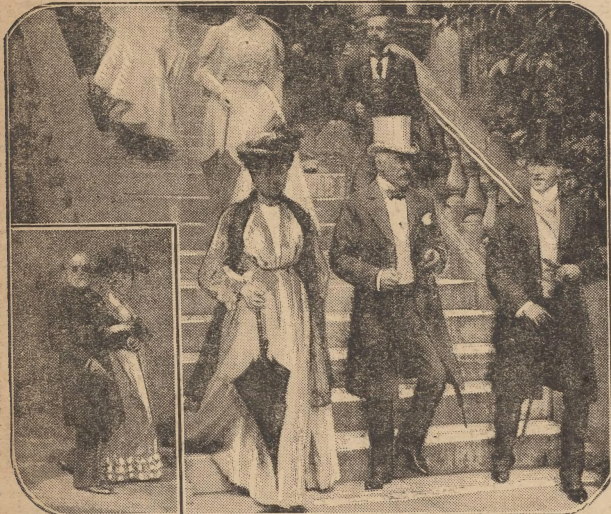
for a short stay. She is an American, the daughter of a well-known banker, Mr. Michael Heine, of New Orleans. Her second marriage with Prince Albert of Monaco was a very unhappy one, and it was dissolved in 1902, after the Princess had fled from her husband's house and taken refuge with her friend, the Queen of the Belgians. The Prince of Monaco has certainly not found marriage a success, since his first union with a daughter of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton ended also in a divorce.

The Prince does not appear, indeed, to be very easy to get on with. He ought to be the best-tempered of men, however, if luck, if the proverbial silver spoon, could make a man so. He is lord of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and for his permission to run that place, which savours of sulphur and the cloven heel, the Casino authorities pay him £50,000 a year. Every year, moreover, as the capital of the company increases, the Prince's husband-money—for such it really is—increases, too; and his son, who is now about thirty-five, is therefore heir to one of the biggest fortunes in Europe.

There is a good deal going on to-day in the social world. Many people are going down to Ranelagh, when the Polo Pony Gymkhana takes place, and at five o'clock there is to be a lady's polo match. At Hurlingham, too, the County Cup final

The World's News PICTURED

ROYAL VISIT TO THE NORMAL BLIND SCHOOL.



The Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Normal School for the Blind at Norwood for the prize distribution. Inset is a snapshot portrait taken in the grounds of Dr. E. J. Campbell, the blind principal of the college.

BRITISH FLEET AT BREST.



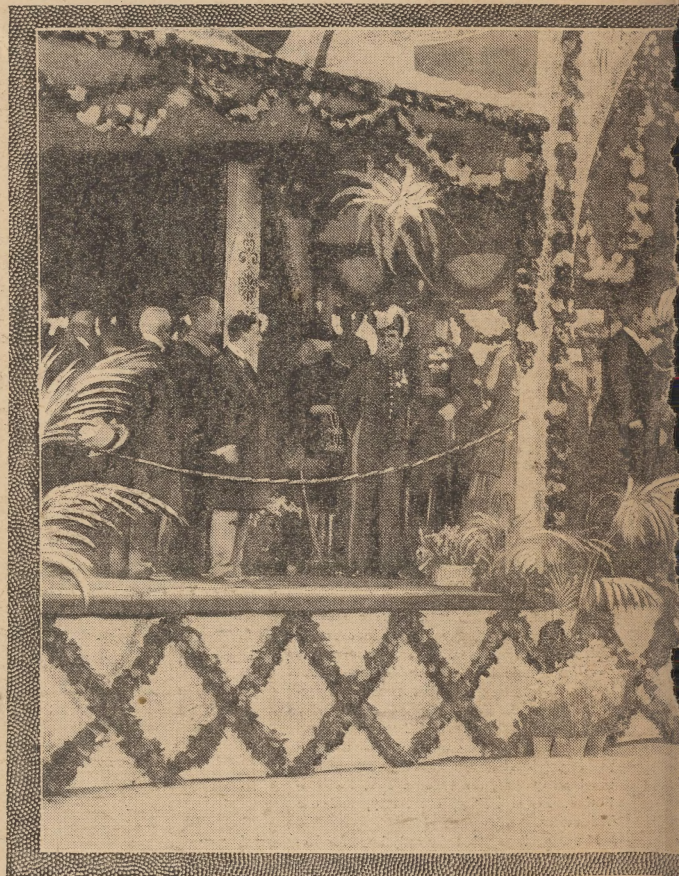
On the landing stage. English ladies visiting the French port for the naval festivities waiting for the coming ashore of their friends among the officers of the British battleships. The weather has been brilliant and the brightest and lightest of summer dresses added to the gaiety of the scene.

EMPIRE SHOOTING MATCH AT BISLEY.



Firing for the Mackinnon Cup, open to teams of twelve a side from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and any British colony or dependency. Teams from Canada, the Transvaal, New Zealand, and Guernsey were among those competing. Scotland led all through, and won with 1,469 points, Canada being 22 points behind.

KING EDWARD VII & QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S VI

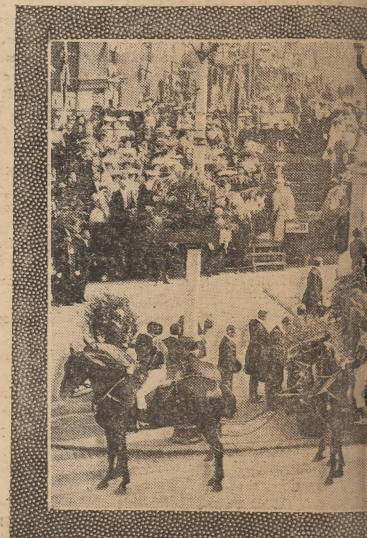


The royal pavilion at the Ship Canal Company's new dock, opened by King Edward during the ceremony. A button which caused a boom across the entrance of the dock to sink, and allowed a number of girls who made a speech of welcome to their Majesties at the Deaf and Dumb School.

DR. BARNARDO'S BIRTHDAY.



Dr. Barnardo, the founder of homes for destitute children, is sixty to-day. There are more than 8,000 children in his homes.—(Elliott and Fry.)

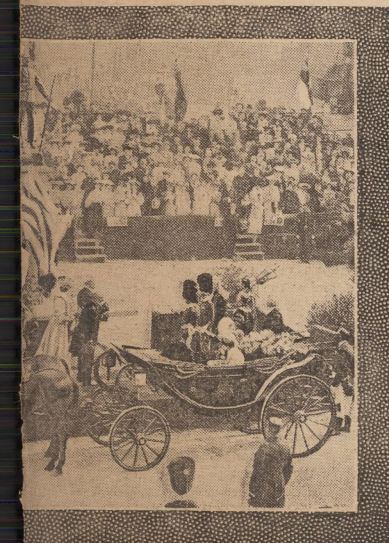


The King unveiling the memorial erected at Salford for the Salford Fusiliers who fell in the South African war. Majesty pulled the cord attached to the Union Jack which was flying mid-air as it was falling away.

SIT TO MANCHESTER



royal visit to Manchester. The photograph was taken just before the King touched the electric bells in waiting to steam in. Inserted is a portrait of Miss Mary Hickman, the fourteen-year-old was herself "deaf and dumb," but was taught to speak by lip-reading lessons.—(Renaud.)



rd to the memory of the officers and men of the Lan-
r. The photograph was taken at the moment his
which covered the memorial, and shows the flag in
twistle, Thorpe, and Company.)

PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARY.



M. Witte has been appointed the chief Russian representative at the peace conference with the fullest powers to negotiate. He has been opposed to the war from the beginning.

NEWS VIEWS

LOOKING AFTER LONDON'S BABIES.



Babies in the play-room of the crèche founded by the Hon. Claude Hay, M.P., and the Countess of Kinnoull in Myrtle-street, Hoxton, for children of working women.



The baby in the bath, photographed at the new nursery at Hoxton. To slum babies a bath is a more or less unaccustomed luxury under ordinary circumstances, and it is delightful to see how they enjoy a splash in the water.



Babies afternoon nap in cradles at the Hoxton crèche. Sleeping in a clean, bright, well-ventilated room, the babies stand a much better chance of growing up into healthy and useful members of the community than if they spent all their hours in the stifling atmosphere of many of the Hoxton homes. See page 10.

LOOKING AFTER LONDON'S BABIES.

A Good Work Which Helps Ease
End Working Mothers Over
an Awkward Stile.

BY MARION ELLISTON.

If you should ever be feeling that it would be greatly for your soul's good that you should grow pitiful over something, take the green Clerkenwell tramcar at the corner of Gray's Inn-road and ask the conductor to put you down at Pitfield-street, Hoxton.

Pitfield-street is generally lined with stalls and barrows, selling rather unhappy-looking vegetables, and the fruit rejected by wider streets, either on account of unripeness or over-ripeness. In and out among the stalls crawl bare-footed, half-dressed, unwashed little toddlers too young for admission at school, grabbing at anything more or less edible within reach—the refuse that has been thrown to the ground being the most easily secured.

Down the side streets there are no stalls—there being no room for them. Here Hoxton's overcrowding is at its worst.

THE PROBLEM OF HOXTON.

Rents rise high down there, quite small single rooms letting at 4s. and 4s. 6d. a week. Woman's labour is in great demand, too. A very undue proportion of Hoxton's women, both married and widowed, go out to work either in the clothing and other factories, the laundries, or as office clerks. These latter generally leave home at six or earlier (according to distance), returning about noon, and leave again for the evening spell between five and six, to return about nine or ten.

Thus Hoxton, in common with many other districts, finds that one of its greatest problems is—What to do with its babies. Pay a neighbour to feed and tend them or stay at home themselves and look after their own offspring? In theory, doubtless, the latter is the highly proper thing. In practice it is a trifle difficult of application, since, unless the breadwinner sticks to his work, there is nothing wherewith to pay the rent on Monday morning nor to replenish the larder on Saturday night. It is awkward when these are left unmet.

That awkwardness was brought home to the Hon. Claude Hay, Hoxton's M.P. The headmistress of one of the schools called his attention to two very young children whose physical condition was giving her great anxiety. Mr. Hay went to their home. He found two brothers living together, both left widowers with young families. Gradually he learned the whole story of the efforts those two bereft brothers made.

They had paid neighbours. The neighbours either failed in the tending or drank the money left for the food. They had tried taking turns to go out to work and staying at home. That was unsatisfactory as regards the work; it was also unsatisfactory as regards the babies. It was to be a very specially-gifted man to make a good nursemaid.

BABY IN THE WAY.

Then Mr. Hay found a wife left with a little family while her husband served a twelve-month sentence for theft. She could get work—provided she didn't bring the baby. But, then, she had nowhere to leave it.

Mr. Hay invented "happy endings" for both those stories. He also decided that some better provision must be made not only for Hoxton's babies, but for London babies generally. Enlisting the co-operation of his sister-in-law, the Countess of Kinnoull, they gathered into themselves a committee for the organisation of day-nurseries wherever the social and industrial conditions required it, and worked unwearyingly for that object.

The first of those is now happily at work in Myrtle-street, a by-way off Pitfield-street. "No. 22" is a gay little house, fresh from the hands of painter and whitewasher, and bright with window-boxes blazing with scarlet geraniums. Yesterday Miss Blake, the committee's secretary, showed the *Daily Mirror* through the house, punctuating the tour with descriptive notes in passing.

"I had fifty-two mothers applying on the first morning. Every mother who leaves a child here, leaves it because she has to go out to work. We are not doing it to save home-staying mothers the trouble of their proper duty."

"They bring them in here first of all," as we reached the reception-room, "then they go down to the bathroom, have their bath, and are dressed again in our clothes. If they leaves a child here, they are washed and got-up by the evening, and the mother gets her baby back as it ought to be kept. Already we see the defect of that in the way they are brought in the morning. It shames them into washing for themselves. There are the baths, and each baby has its own washing flannel and its own hair-brush."

"When the bathing is over, it is milk and bread-and-butter all round for those old enough—the babies, of course, having bottles. Now, come and see our playroom."

And it was a jolly little sight to see. The little boy with yellow hair and a special aptitude for screaming was hugging a doll's dinner-plate; two little brothers in forget-me-not blue overalls

were having a lovely game with a big indiarubber ball, which grew so fascinating that another in a smart crash landed smothered from had to put down his fat stuffed donkey and join in. So on all round, with a white frocked nurse to keep things happy.

Upstairs the little ones of sleeping age were having their morning rest, among them a little pink-frocked fellow whose widowed mother is fighting it out for himself, his older brother, and her self on 10s. 6d. a week. Next to him was another little sleeper whose mother, also a widow, earns 15s. Hitherto she has paid a shilling a day to a neighbour to tend and feed the boy—and even so he was wasting from insufficient food.

"Yes," says Mr. Claude Hay, "this is the first the committee has opened, but it will never rest until they are planted, and from the number needed there is little danger of collision with any others at work."

It seems worth helping, doesn't it, a work like that?

MARION ELLISTON.

(Pictures of the Day Nursery on page 9.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.

On Monday morning last I sent a dress trunk from my house at Bedford to Sutton, Surrey, travelling myself on Tuesday.

When I arrived, I found my luggage had been there since Monday evening—the same day as it was sent off from Bedford.

I should suggest there must have been fault in the way "Disquisition" and Edward Manton sent off their luggage.

Range-road, Sutton.

"ONLY A SAILOR."

I should like to convey a warning to all men of the Royal Navy against the practice of going on shore without their identification or, rather, station cards. The other day in New Brompton an armourer was refused a bicycle which he wished to hire because he had not his card with him.

What identification papers do civilians have to produce when they hire bicycles? It seems monstrous to treat the King's sailors in this fashion. Chatham. R.N.

HOME RULE FOR LONDON.

A grave question for London is raised by the passing of the Bill to allow an electric power company to supply the whole metropolis.

The division list shows that a large majority of London members are against the measure. It was carried by the votes of provincial M.P.s—the same people who kept us out of our L.C.C. steamboat service for so many years.

When will the cry of "Home Rule for London" be raised? FORMER LONDON M.P. Hyde Park Hotel, S.W.

ANOTHER POST OFFICE GRIEVANCE.

The treatment of the senior messengers at the Central Telegraph Office supplies a good example of Post Office management to its employees.

In February, 1903, a special staff of messengers was formed to work the pneumatic tubes in the office on the understanding that they would rise to 14s. instead of 11s. a week, no mention being made of any reduction of uniform.

When the time for the issue of boots came round, they were told there were none for them! Just before this they also had to return capes and leggings.

The department got much the best of the deal. Lowestoft. H. R. SPENCER.

"ANIMALS' SUNDAY."

May I suggest that on Kindness to Animals' Sunday (July 16) a poem appropriate to the occasion would be Keble's verses in "The Christian Year" for that Sunday (fourth after Trinity)?

M. L. ST. GEORGE.

The poem mentioned by our correspondent contains these beautiful stanzas:—

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
In vacant fancies throng:
Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Singing yearnings for a blest new birth,
With sinless glories crowned;
Which bids us hear at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil:
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,
In low chant of wakened birds
In the deep, weltering food,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
"God made us all for good;
Man only mars the sweet accord."
"Overpowering with harsh din,
The music of Thy works and word,
Ill-matched with grief and sin."

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A LOST CAUSE, by Guy Thorne. John Long, 6s. The same author "What is the Day" made something of a sensation. This book is not likely to do that. It is an attack upon the Kantian attitude of mind, fairly interesting and done with a good deal of slapdash cleverness. The closing scene, in which Archbishop Temple and Lord Salisbury, in a "transmuting disguise" compel the Protestant agitator to restore a consecrated water he has stolen and exhibited, is almost too much for one's eyes.

THE GAME, by Jack London. Heinemann, 6s. A very pretty, tender, dainty little thing, turning in the end to tragedy. It is the story of a prize-fighter, which seems to flourish like the deadly nightshade in New York. If Mr. London is so beloved. But I should show that a prize-fighter can be a very nice boy and make love with the best. Genevieve, the boy's "girl," is delicious.

ONE FALSE STEP. By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The assenting, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HERBIE MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with the great Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, who had offered him a start in life.

During the interview Devenish is called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had left upon the table, done up in parcels of £2,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his "one false step"—he takes up one of the parcels of notes to examine the sensation of handling so much money, and before he can replace them Eve Daintree, Devenish's daughter, who is already known to

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the whole interview with Mrs. Daintree she is busily and opportunely returning them.

He is therefore reduced to confiding the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who suggests a means of returning them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, his sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

In the morning Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he saw the accidental theft, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an I.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester is just becoming his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a mill-stone at his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is witnessed by Eve Daintree, who comes to her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

Queenie becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

Meanwhile, Tom Mayfield is found wounded by some workmen in a heap of rubbish near some demolition site, and is taken by one of them, Joe Bates, to his rooms in a model lodging-house.

Chester, who continues the search for him, calls one morning on Devenish House, and finds Eve Daintree in the library there.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued).

Somewhat the flower in Chester's coat offended Eve. She had observed that recently he had acquired the habit of the daily buttonhole, and she had no doubt in her mind whether it was obtained. Unfortunately, she had not forgotten the false impression made on her by Queenie when she witnessed the little scene between the latter and Hesper Mordaunt at the Fernery. She was fully alive to and willing to admit Queenie's personal attractions, and the girl was quite nicely mannered; but she was apparently a frivolous young person only too ready to flirt with anything in the shape of a man. She must be, to tolerate the similarities of that repulsive creature, Hesper Mordaunt.

It would be a great pity if the girl obtained too great an influence over Frank Chester. It was even conceivable that she might influence his career detrimentally. And Eve had made up her mind that Chester must fulfil her father's hopes and her own. She was neither petty nor spiteful; but she possessed a proud nature, as well as a womanly heart, and her feelings towards Queenie were due to an error of judgment. Yet she realised vaguely that she was also growing jealous of her. And she disliked to have to make this admission to herself. It caused her unrest.

She had made up her mind, at the time of Chester's appointment, to win his sympathy, his confidence, and friendship. But this is a dangerous game to play—dangerous as playing with fire—as innumerable men and women have learned to their cost.

And it is a wise woman who knows herself. Before the return of Chester into her life, Eve told herself that she was not to love. Now, however, she regarded Chester more graciously than usual. The posy in his coat, perhaps, was firing her with a spirit of rivalry. Her touch thrilled him. There was an indescribable charm about her manner that was both animated and reposeful at one and the same time. She possessed the power of taking Chester out of himself and away from the doubts and uncertainties that had troubled him since his one false step.

As well as inspiring him, she thrilled the manhood in his blood. He was glad, when, after a few moments of conversation, Vincent Devenish showed no signs of putting in his appearance.

"By the way," said Eve presently, "we're spending to-morrow on the river. Mr. Chester, she suggested her shoulders with her old expression of cold contempt. "I am sorry to say that my father has invited Mr. Mordaunt to be one of the party. You will be able to come?"

But, as luck would have it, Chester had already arranged for a day on the river with Queenie and Pollie Peyton.

"I am awfully sorry," he replied. "Nothing I should have enjoyed more; but—"

(Continued on page 11.)

THE HEAT WAVE AND ANTIPON.

Distressing as are the effects of extreme heat to the man or woman of ordinary slim proportions, the excessively stout suffer to a degree almost beyond endurance. Not only that, they run a risk which the thin person can regard without cause for alarm. The heat wave on the Continent has been attended with many fatalities, and it is a well-known fact that those whose obese condition has been neglected are too often affected with fatty degeneration of the heart, a state in which they are most likely to become victims of the abnormal temperature. The masses of internal fat that impede the free action of the vital organs are a constantly menacing danger, and their absorption and elimination is a matter of vital moment. The weakened heart and the weakened circulation are not the only contributory causes of disaster. The lungs of stout people are also affected by the fatty deposits, and are not able to expand in a natural, healthful way. Thus they are unable to take in sufficient air for the proper oxygenation of the blood. Breathing is short and laboured, there is faintness and exhaustion, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, acute pains in the side, profuse sweating. The skin does not act as it should, and hence impurities which should be expelled by that channel remain to vitiate the blood. In very hot weather, in fact, everything tells against the unduly stout. Yet it is so simple a thing to improve the conditions, even within twenty-four hours, by means of the wonderful Antipon treatment, that no fat person should fail to give it an immediate trial. Within a day and a night of taking the first dose of Antipon, a pleasantly tart and very refreshing liquid tonic, there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb., and, considering that this is always followed by a rapid daily diminution of weight in superfluous and diseased fatty matter, the comforting and exhilarating effect upon fat persons in this very hot weather is indeed a boon and a blessing. Antipon is not one of those remedies which depend upon semi-starvation and mineral drugging to assist its fat-reducing properties. On the contrary: Antipon absolutely requires the help of wholesome nourishment to give its marvellous properties full effect. Being an admirable tonic, as well as an unrivalled fat-absorbent, it promotes a healthy appetite, and when that appetite is satisfied by ample nourishing food the digestive process, perfected by Antipon, will prevent the waste accumulation of undigested matter in the system. Hence the unique strengthening, revitalising results of the Antipon treatment. A course of Antipon brings down weight to normal in a very short time, and at the same time makes the subject look and feel many years younger. If stout people going away to the country during the present hot season would only take with them a small supply of Antipon, their holidays would be made more enjoyable by the consequent loss of superabundant fat, and by the increased energy and vitality which always results from the use of this famous remedy. Antipon is neither laxative nor the opposite; it can be taken in the strictest privacy, and without the least trouble or inconvenience. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

ROYAL DUKE WATCHES "DAILY MIRROR" RIFLE CONTEST. PART COMPANY TO-DAY.



The Duke of Connaught at Bisley yesterday watching the shooting in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition. The prizes offered amount to a total of seventy-five pounds.



Competitors firing in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle contest. According to the terms of the competition, one marksman with an automatic rifle is considered as equal to two with any hand-loaded magazine rifle. The position of the Duke of Connaught in the photograph is indicated by a cross.



Mr. Frederick Harrison, who has been associated with Mr. Cyril Maude in the management of the Haymarket Theatre during one of the most successful series of productions on record. —(Bassano.)



Mr. Cyril Maude, the well-known character actor. He has been for nine years co-manager with Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, but the partnership comes to an end to-day. —(Ellis and Walery.)

To H.M. the King.

BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"
(RED SEAL)

SCOTCH WHISKY

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



FREE! FREE! FREE!

On receipt of postcard, Full Range of Patterns (including tapes and self-measurement forms) of our Matchless

IDEAL SUITINGS AT
NO EXTRAS WHATEVER. **30/-**

Comprising all the newest designs and colourings in Solid Worsted (stripes and checks), Blue and Black Serges, genuine Scotch and Homespun Tweeds, including latest Brown Shades, and

PRONOUNCED BY THE PUBLIC to be the finest value ever offered.

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LANCET MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

RHEUMATISM!!



We want to convince every reader of this paper that the "VERITAS" Gout and Rheumatism Rings are a complete cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, INSOMNIA, and many bodily ailments. Worn by Royal and recommended by the Medical Profession. These rings contain specially prepared metals with zinc and copper salts, forming a complete battery and draw all the poisonous uric acid crystals from the system. In order to make these rings more widely known, we are giving a quantity away. Send stamp for copy of testimonials, lists, size card, and particulars of our free offer to

THE BRITISH RING SYNDICATE (Dept. 3D), 86, New Street, Birmingham.

Mr. W. B. Harnden, Editor of the "Gentleman's Journal," writes—

"I have had the ring you sent me practically tested with most satisfactory results. I gave it to my mother who is 70 years of age, and who suffered some time from rheumatism. To use her own words, she is now as right as a trivet."

We have thousands of testimonials similar to this.

Something for Nothing

To every reader who sends for one of my new Illustrated Catalogues I will send free of charge a heavy gold wire expanding bracelet, with your own initial on it. Send at once, as I shall give away 5,000 only. Enclose 3 penny stamps for postage and packing, and write to-day to: **E. R. HARRIS, The Wire Rings, Winter Gardens, BLACKPOOL.**

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

"But?" The restrained note of interrogation in Eve's beautifully modulated voice implied that she was mildly curious as to Chester's reason for being unable to accept her invitation.

"But I have already arranged to take some friends on the river."

Chester was no moral coward, but he was uncomfortably conscious of an antagonism between Eve and Queenie. This was why he mentioned no names.

"I'm very disappointed," said Eve frankly, and with a look of regret that accelerated the beat of Chester's heart. "I suppose you couldn't—"

She did not finish her sentence. She had spoken casually enough; the expression was rather in her eyes. They finished the sentence.

"I am afraid not—I wish I could," he answered. Queenie Mayfield recalled orchards and apple-trees, but Eve was associated with the river and twilight.

"But," said Eve lightly, giving no outward sign of chagrin or disappointment, "I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your work."

She glanced at the stack of letters on the table. "But I shall see you again; you're lunching with us, of course."

"Don't go," said Chester quickly, and carried away, not quite knowing what he was doing, he laid his hands on her to detain her. She did not withdraw her hand.

"Why?" she said, with a little, low-noted laugh. "Do you really want me to stay?"

She looked at him.

"Yes," he answered unsteadily.

It had all come about spontaneously and so swiftly that he scarcely knew what he was saying or doing. The spell of the woman, and an impulse of his

quick-beating heart, had suddenly mastered him. He was still holding her hand. He had all but yielded to a strong desire to take her beautiful form in his arms.

And the woman? It was a psychological moment, full of possibilities; but the spell was snapped by the opening of the door and the quiet entrance of Mr. Dexter. He struck a jarring note. He stood for a moment on the threshold, perfectly groomed, unobtrusive, and self-possessed, a polite, conventional smile playing round his thin lips. His quiet eyes seemed to have taken in the situation at a glance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Daintree," he said obsequiously. "Good morning, Mr. Chester. Mr. Devenish," he added, with a faint note of apology in his voice, "requested me to attend here this morning."

He placed his gleaming hat on a table, and slowly ungloved his carefully-preserved hands.

Eve had scarcely acknowledged his salutation. She was looking at him with a lazy, contemptuous expression as though she just realised his presence in a sort of dim and distant way.

"Then you will lunch with us, Mr. Chester," she said, with a charming smile, and swept across to the door.

Chester would have escorted her, but Dexter anticipated him, and held open the door.

"I hope," said the latter, "that your father's health has improved, Mrs. Daintree."

"Yes," she answered coldly. "Mr. Devenish will be with you in a few minutes."

She turned, nodded, and smiled in most friendly fashion to Chester; then, taking no further notice of Dexter, and bearing herself with a mixture of pride and easy—almost voluptuous—grace that was peculiarly fascinating, swept from the room.

Dexter smiled—with his teeth and his lips. It was an evil smile. Eve had no feeling of mercy

whatever in her heart for the man. She had purposely made herself as charming as possible to Chester before the cashier. She wanted to show him that Chester had her confidence—was her ally. Sooner or later she believed that this man Dexter, to whom she attributed most of her past misery and humiliation, would show his hand and try to prejudice her father against Chester. But she had faith, and the little scene, interrupted by Dexter, had shown to her the strength of her influence over him. She had not yet had time to analyse her own feelings during that very psychological moment.

But she was making a big mistake in fancying that she was discomfiting Mr. Dexter by showing Chester favour. She was playing the man's cards for him, precisely as he wished them to be played.

Dexter approached Chester with an indulgent, smugly insinuating smile. It jarred on the young man. He read its meaning. Mr. Dexter was saying as clearly as in words, "You are making famous progress, Mr. Chester. I told you when I advanced you that £2,000, apart from the philanthropic side of the question, I looked on you as an excellent investment. Bravo, my dear sir! Go on at the present pace, and you will be married to the beautiful Eve and a partner in the firm in next to no time."

For some little time Dexter talked business in his mechanical office manner; but presently he went up to Chester, and lightly touched the flower in his button-hole.

"I hope you won't be offended if I tender you a piece of well-meant advice, Mr. Chester," he said quietly; "but circumstances have drawn us closely together, and I assure you that, apart from any financial obligation, I'm deeply interested in your personal welfare. The ball is at your feet. I am a man of the world, and make no further

(Continued on page 13.)



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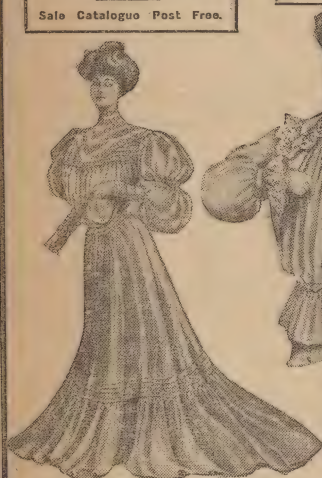
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Twill Flannel Dressing Jacket, some similar to sketch, others Kinamon shape, in Sky, Cream, Pink. Various trimmed hand-some Embroidery. Worth 10/6 to 12/6.

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SALE PRICE, 21/-

HANDSOME COSTUME SKIRT, 21/-

lined Silk, reduced to

LADY'S FASHION-ABLE VOILE SKIRTS, very full shape, in Black and all new shades, lined Glace Silk.

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Charming Slip, fashioned in old Lace Tint Net. The Front made with dainty pleated Frills, and trimmed Valenciennes and Alencon Lace Insertion. Usual Price, 27/6. Sale Price 15/9



"ABERDEEN."

Long Tweed Coat, good quality, in large variety of Colours and Patterns, lined throughout good Silk, and well made newest shape, with new Sleeve. Usual Price, 1 Guinea. In all sizes.

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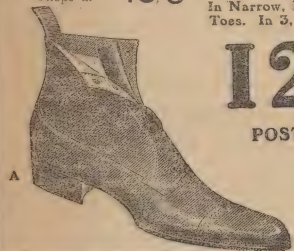
Gent's Finest Quality Box Calf or Glace Kid Lace Boots, Bark Tanned Soles, Goodyear Welted; a perfect fitting and thoroughly reliable Boot.

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Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

In Narrow, Medium, or Broad Toes. In 3, 4, and 5 Fittings.

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12/6

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Can also be had in Brown Willow Calf or Brown Glace Kid, at same Price.

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EVERY LADY should read this flannelette talk!

Ordinary flannelette has a very serious drawback—it catches fire so easily, and burns so quickly.

NON-FLAM, the new fireproof flannelette, WILL NOT BURN. Held over a lighted candle it merely smoulders and goes out immediately the light is withdrawn. Moreover, NON-FLAM is aseptic—disease germs cannot live upon it. You can wash NON-FLAM again and again without destroying its valuable properties. Coroners, Medical Men, the Press—all speak of NON-FLAM in the highest terms.

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SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—BOOKS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

THE FLUTTERING SCARF.

DELICATE AND EFFECTIVE LACE SHOULDER COVERINGS.

Every second woman now wears a flimsy gauze scarf hanging about her shoulders, more as an excuse for a wrap than for any more serious purpose. In the realm of the scarf there is almost an endless variety of choice. The hand-embroidered, painted, and lace-trimmed specimens made of mousseline de soie or chiffon are lovelier than ever, and so are the lace and crêpe de chine ones.

Nothing handsomer nor more effective can be bought than the Oriental-looking scarves, some of which are sent direct from the East, carried out in coarse black or white silk net, so heavily embroidered with gleaming gold or silver that they cling closely and fall heavily, despite their transparency. These are expensive but wonderfully effective.

Long straight scarves are the best liked, and one beautiful model of this shape has triple frills of chiffon for a border, while the centre is covered throughout its length by huge white silk and velvet poppies with touches of yellow and green at their hearts. The poppies are applied flatly to



A new form of the lingerie hat, made of white lawn flounces, heavily embroidered and set on a blue taffetas crown, which has strings to match.

a chiffon and silk foundation, and their great loose silk outer petals overlap each other.

Plain tails and spotted net are the favourite materials for the Viennese neck ruffles, and a large number are sold with millinery to match. One pretty model has four deep plaid frills of fine ring net, and a cluster of little pink rosebuds is tucked into the tulle at the front, while long stems and buds fall with many ribbon loops and ends in front.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

excuse for speaking to you frankly. Don't frivol away your chances, Mr. Chester. I should give up the daily button-hole; I should spend less time at The Fernery, if I were you. People will talk. Misunderstandings will arise."

Chester's back was up! Dexter, for all his quiet and almost apologetic manner, was laying down the law as to his personal conduct. And he realised why. He was no fool. He saw what the man was driving at: he was telling him that it was time he devoted all his attention to Eve Daintree.

It was intolerable. He was under a big obligation to the man, but it did not justify this.

"I don't follow you," said Chester sharply. Dexter washed his beautiful hands with imaginary soap and water.

"I'm merely advising you, Mr. Chester," he said smoothly, "not to stand in your own light. I—please don't think I misunderstand your attitude towards Miss Mayfield; but prudence—"

Chester tapped sharply on the table. "Mr. Dexter," he said deliberately, "I fully realise my obligation to you, but my personal conduct has nothing whatever to do with you."

Dexter shrugged his shoulders, politely indicating that Chester was misunderstanding him.

"I was hoping," he said in an aggrieved tone, "that my well-intentioned advice would be taken in the spirit in which it was offered. Your obligation to me was not uppermost in mind."

He glanced round the room, but there was no possibility of their conversation being overheard.

"Let me explain myself," he continued, in tones that were a mixture of gentleness and firmness. "When I witnessed that false step of yours in Mr. Devenish's office, Mr. Chester, I did not suffer you to walk out of the room with those notes in your pocket because I saw a chance of striking

NURSERY LITERATURE.

I can heartily recommend the series of story-books called the "Told to the Children" Series, which is edited by Loney Chisholm, and published by Messrs. Jack, of London and Edinburgh. The volumes are dainty and square, and cost only 1s. 6d. each nett. They are bound in cloth, have gilt edges and picture designs on the outside; moreover, each little tome is finished with a pretty silk marker. At one shilling the same books are published with less ornamentation about them.

The volumes that I have before me now are "Stories from Chaucer" and "Stories from 'The Faerie Queen,'" thrilling tales that will delight



Full particulars concerning the picture shown above, which forms the subject of the next competition in the Children's Corner, will be found in the adjacent column.

all children whether they read them to themselves or have them read aloud to them. Each little book is adequately illustrated by means of coloured pictures, and the one called "Stories from 'The Faerie Queen'" has had for its artist Miss Rose le Queue, whose drawings have frequently appeared on this page. She shows Britomart looking into the Magic Mirror and saying, "I should like the crystal ball to show me what my husband will be like"; Una and the Lion who followed her like a faithful dog; St. George and the Dragon, who, as every English child knows, is the patron saint of our land; Florimel and the Witch, and several other famous characters in Spenser's "Faerie Queen."

a bargain with you—or of investing my money on an unsecured loan at five per cent. interest. Oh, no! Believe me, no!"

Chester was breathing quickly. He was inwardly writhing. Dexter was getting home every time.

"Oh, no! Believe me, no! Let you walk out of the office with those notes in your pocket, because I realised exactly what had happened; I knew that you were no more a thief than I am; that you had simply lost your head. I know of you and your splendid reputation as a young man of honour and integrity. The impulse on which I acted—at a big risk to myself—was to save your character and life being wrecked by an act of almost incomprehensible folly."

He smiled faintly.

"If my business instincts asserted themselves later, and I made an arrangement for the repayment of the money, it is scarcely to be wondered at. I am essentially a man of business, and I am not rich. But, in the first instance, I acted on what I claim to be not an ungenerous impulse, and I am acting on much the same impulse now. It's not a question of what you owe me, Mr. Chester, I am simply sorry to see a young man running the risk of spoiling his career and behaving in a manner that may materially interfere with his chances in life. I should be very sorry, exceedingly pained, if you continue to misunderstand me."

"Just think over what I've been saying to you, Mr. Chester, and now"—with a sudden return to his mechanical office manner—"we have business to attend to."

Vincent Devenish was entering the room. He was looking ill and drawn about the face. The flesh bared heavily under his sleepless-looking eyes. And he was irritable and snappy to boot. It was not the first time Chester had seen him in one of these moods. On this morning, it was Dexter who bore the brunt of his employer's ill-humour. Nothing that the cashier did or said seemed right. Devenish almost bullied the man;

PRIZE RESULTS AND FUTURE PRIZES.

THREE BOYS AND ONE GIRL WIN.

The first prize of 5s. for the best colouring of the picture given last week, which represented two boats in a bay at the seaside, is awarded to Edith Ives, aged eleven years, 9, Aberdeen-walk, Armlay, near Leeds. Edith has mounted her drawing very nicely, and though this fact has not helped her to gain the prize it is mentioned because drawings

seignior. His address is 26a, Shardeoles-road, New Cross, S.E.

Chosen for honourable mention are the pictures sent in by Frank F. Morgan, aged 13, Hazelwood, 60, Duckett-road, Harringay, N.; Alice Wills, aged five years, who sent a wonderfully cleverly coloured sketch; her address is Seedlands, Coupar Angus, N.B.; Edgar J. Smith, aged twelve, 20, Fore-street, Devonport; Albert Edward Maxwell, aged nine, 2, Lancaster-street, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Harold Lee, aged eight, 183, Anerley-road, Anerley, S.E.; Harold J. Proctor, aged thirteen, 139, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W., who received a prize, I remember, a little time ago, and Arthur Albow, aged thirteen, 43, Hinton-road, Loughboro Junction, S.E.

The subject of this week's picture is a frog taking a joyous promenade in the shade of some large and beautiful flowers. In order that he shall not suffer from sun-stroke he is holding a stoolstool over his head. This picture should be coloured in chalks or water colour, and the contributions should be sent up till the first post on Thursday morning next, addressed "The Children's Corner," Daily Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

The usual number of prizes, namely, one of 5s. and three of 2s. 6d. each, will be awarded.

What do you drink?

Water?—Flat.
Intoxicants?—Too Dangerous.
Mineral Waters?—Too Gassy.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE?
FAR THE BEST.

Satisfies Palate, Quenches Thirst, Good for Pocket—4½d. bottle makes Thirty-two glasses. Of all Grocers.

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SEEGER'S Dyes the hair a beautiful blonde, brown, or black, by simply combing it through.

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LENGTHENS HOLIDAYS

ASK YOUR IRONMONGER FOR THE Patent **SUN** WASHER. It is the Best.

(To be continued.)

winner to be sold for 50 sows. Five litters.				
aVanda	8	9	Thodore	8 9
aCarmela	8	9	Pine Alarm	8 9
aFlorida II. I.	8	9	Belle of Broadway	8 9
Master at Arms	8	12	Glen Brightly	8 9
Tongue Tied	8	12	Maid of Caterick	8 9
Ignorance	8	9	Ermine I.	8 9
4.0.-WILLOWS WELTER HANDICAP of 200 sows. One mile.				
aGay Gordon	7 5	8 0	Perlander	7 5
aFracious	8	0	Aceternity	8 3
aHigh Heaven	3	7	Let go the	3 7
Thor	4	10	Painter	7 13
Chaseway	4	8	Arise	3 7 11
Honours	4	8	Cloudy	3 7 10
Lowell	4	8	Wagtail	3 7 7
Stoneling	4	8	Little Prince	3 7 5
Specious	4	8	Quilla	3 7 2
4.30.-COPELAND MAIDEN PLATE of 105 sows. One mile.				
aAltcar	7 5	8 0	Chivalry	7 5
aHigh Heaven	3	8	San Martino	3 8
aKingdom	3	0	Bethesda	3 0
aAsterisk	5	7 11	Little Prince	3 8 0
Champion	3	9	Diamond	3 8 0
Alfred	4	12	Abeyard	3 7 11
Serious	4	12	Bird of Peace	3 7 11
Navarro	4	12	Follars	3 7 11
Dot	5	8 9	Contessa	3 7 11

HAMILTON PARK.			
ARRAN SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 105 sows. Seven furlongs.			
BLANTYRE TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 106 sows. Five furlongs.			
HAMILTON PARK JULY HANDICAP PLATE of 250 sows. One mile and 3 half.			
Powder Puff	6 9	Serious	4 7 0
aHoney Rosella	6 9	Leslie Carter	4 6 13
Gardenhurst	4 7 10	Allie Gourlay	3 6 7
Bistonian	4 7 8	Verlan Garden	4 7 0
ROSS WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 150 sows. One mile.			
aBlack Mail	5 11 15	Midshipman	4 11 0
Rock Castle	4 11 15	Buist Debon	4 10 11
aAthos	4 11 10	Rapid Stream	3 10 8
Island Queen	5 11 7	Greenbush	4 10 7
aThe Foreman	6 11 2	Threepenny	4 10 7
MONTROSE HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sows. Five furlongs, straight.			
King's Birthday	5 9 4	Sunderfoot	5 8 3
Solaris	4 8 10	Saville	4 8 2
Pretty Dick	3 8 10	Barren	3 7 10
Cause Bay	3 8 9	Dayfield	3 7 8
A Skipper	3 8 9	Grey Toe	3 7 8
Electric Current	3 8 9	Greenhorn	3 7 8
Glaire	3 8 7	Greenhorn	4 7 0
MOTHERWELL PLATE of 106 sows. One mile and three furlongs.			
A.R.A.	4 9 6	Tuning Fork	3 8 2
Honours	4 9 6	Alpeman	3 8 2
Aqua-marina	3 8 13		
TRIALS AT NEWMARKET.			

TRIALS AT NEWMARKET.

T. Jennings's Recreation (F. Hardy), 1; Prejudice, 2; Induction, 3; Nickina, 4. One mile and a quarter. Won by a length; a similar distance dividing second and third.
T. Jennings's Enfants de Mince (F. Hardy), 1; Coldrod, 2; Lady Ena gelding, 3. Five furlongs. Won by a length; a head third.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Beaufort Stakes, Newmarket—Grey Green.
All published handicaps—Pretty Dick.
All engagements in his Majesty's name—Penshaw, Zeiff, Venilia, Rosarian, Le Fair.
All engagements in Lord Wolverton's name—Persian Knight.

CYCLING CLUB RUNS.

With the thermometer registering a temperature on a par with that of the torrid zone just now, cyclists are favouring the midnight run in preference to courting sunstroke by riding in the day. Great numbers of riders poured down the Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne roads during the cooler hours of the night last week-end, and doubtless the same will be the case to-morrow.

The unfortunate side of such beautiful weather, so far as the cyclist is concerned, is that the pedestrian is very assertive and mischievous, and much time is wasted and patience tried in repairing tyres by the wayside. A little rain would be a boon all round at the present time, and materially helpful in binding the loose surface of the highways.

The Stanley are riding to Wade's Mill this afternoon, the route being via Stag Hill, Bayford, and Hettford. The club meet at Finchley at four o'clock.

At the Crystal Palace the Ancelery are contesting the historic race known as "Fry's Hundred," the principal prize for which is a handsome trophy, presented by the late R. H. Fry (famously known in Turf circles as "The Leviathan"). Several clubs are supporting the Ancelery by making their run to the Sydenham pleasure resort.

Calford are riding to Esher with an "extension" to Biscay Camp, via Addlestone and Chobham. In the south an event which is of great interest to the clubs—namely, the Southern's open 100 miles time trial—has attracted some good entries, although fear of the Unity's best men, including Ayden and Fisher, will be competing in the Midland "Hundred." Finchley Park and Kingsdale are also holding time trials, the former incorporating the club championship in the same event.

Brighton will be visited by a number of clubs this week-end, including the Brookdale, De Laune, Goldsmiths, Morley, Silverdale, and Viking. Among the eastern clubs the cooling shades of Epping Forest will be much in request, while further out at Chelmsford, where the Essex County championships will take place, a good gathering of clubmen may be expected. The Beaumont and the northern division of the Daily Press are riding to the county town, and the southern section of the latter club to Sevenoaks.

SOUTHERN ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Forty-five well-known road-riders have entered for the Southern C.C.'s open 100 miles time trial which carry with them the championship of the South—this afternoon. The ride will be a pure test of endurance, and therefore a good sporting affair, as no competitor will have the assistance of a pacer.

WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The English amateur team of cyclists who will compete in the world's championships left for Antwerp yesterday. The trio consists of J. S. Benyon, of Manchester, and H. D. Buck, who will ride in the two kilometres events, and Leon Meredith, who goes over to Belgium to defend his title in the 100 kilometres motor-paced race. All three riders are in the pink of condition, and the honour of the Old Country would appear to be very safe in their hands.

Two good men will figure in the professional events over the same distances. Sid Jenkins, who is in Paris has been undergoing a special preparation in charge of a new mentor, Mr. Tommy Hall, who will contest the long-distance event, has been beating records of late, besides which he is moving splendidly behind his plucky pacer, Hoffmann, on the Berlin track.

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Business Hours: 9 to 8; Saturdays 9 till 6; Thursdays we do NOT close early.

FURNISH on EASY TERMS

NO ADDED INTEREST. NO EXTRA CHARGES FOR CREDIT.

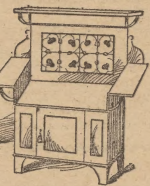
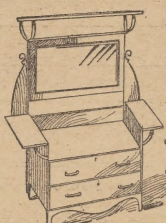
TERMS.			
WORTH.	PER MONTH.	WORTH.	PER MONTH.
£10	6 0	£100	22 5 0
£20	11 0	£200	4 10 0
£50	28 0	£500	11 5 0

Any amount pro rata.

Country Orders Packed Free, and Carriage Paid. Carpets & Linos planned and laid free.



"1905" GUIDE and CATALOGUE sent post free on mentioning "Daily Mirror."



OAK BEDROOM SUITE, comprising 3ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with bevelled glass door and drawer beneath; Sunk Centre Dressing Table, with glass attached and drawers beneath; Sunk Centre Marble-top and Tiled-back Washstand, with cupboard below and rails fixed, and 2 Rush-seat Chairs ... Price £7:17:6

No Deposit Required

MIDLAND FURNISHING CO.

A DATE TO REMEMBER.

HOLIDAY APARTMENT DAY
July 25 — IN THE — July 25
'EVENING NEWS'

"Do you want holiday apartments, or have you any holiday apartments to let? If you belong to either class you should make a note of the date July 25.

On that day the "EVENING NEWS" is publishing a special issue, in which small advertisements relating to holiday apartments will be taken at special rates. This will not be the only holiday feature of the paper, but it will be one that will commend itself especially to those who are looking out for comfortable quarters in which to spend the annual vacation.

Advertisements inserted in this issue will reach the eyes of hundreds of thousands who are on the eve of their annual visit to the seaside. To show the value of such publicity, it may be mentioned that an advertiser who recently made use of the "EVENING NEWS" columns wrote a day or two afterwards saying: "I could have let half a dozen houses full of apartments to the people who answered my one small advertisement."

Advertisements, in order to ensure insertion, should be forwarded as early as possible, and should be written on the accompanying form. The rates for insertion are: Twelve words 1s., a penny a word after; three insertions for the price of two.

FORM TO PRIVATE ADVERTISERS.

1.	2.	3.
4.	5.	6.
7.	8.	9.
10.	11.	I/-

Advertisements may be addressed to the CHIEF CLERK, "Evening News" Advertisement Offices, Tallis Street, E.C.

GARDENING.

GARDEN Netting: 100 square yards, fair condition, 3s. carriage paid—Northey, Auctioneer, Plymouth.
BUGGICIDE (registered): certain death to slugs and snails; perfectly harmless to most delicate plants; non-poisonous; splendid fertilizer to soil; 1s. 6d. box, carriage paid—The Buggicide Co., Marjorieport, Bristol. And all Seedmen.

DENTISTRY.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made—Messrs. M. G. Shaw, Manufacturing Dentists, 123, Oxford-st. (opposite Berners-st., London (established 100 years).
OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-st., Hove, Brighton.

"WALL"

"MADE LIKE A WARSHIP."
Daily Mail.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE.
25s. to £15 18s. or 4/3 Monthly. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Write Now for the Catalogue.
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD.,
DEPT. D.15, COVENTRY.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
119 and 120, Whitechapel, E.C. 1, London.
Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.
Assets, £634,403. Liabilities, £374,251. Surplus, £262,152. 2s. per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann. Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent. and are a safe investment. Write for particulars.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALPI, Joint Managers.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD CYCLE?
If so, then write to us. There is no cheapness (whatever the price) in an inferior cycle, and there are no better cycles than

COVENTRY MADE CYCLES.
All the Best. from 7/6. *Reverie, Courty, Swift, Hunt, etc.*

RABBIT BRANDS IN SECOND-HAND MACHINES BY WELL-KNOWN MARKERS.

High-Grade COVENTRY CYCLE from £5
Upwards. Four Years Guarantee. Easy payments without publicity. Lists and best prices supplied free from magazine.

IMPERIAL CYCLE SUPPLY CO., COVENTRY.

FITS CURED
by OZERINE—the prescription of an eminent London Specialist. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price, 4/6 and 1/6, post free. Thousands of cures. Write (naming this paper) for a free bottle, and test it.—(Dept. 20, 1, W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, High Street, Belfast.

D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.
ESTABLISHED 1745.
48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.R.R. Station.
FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE AND SPIRIT HOUSE
OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.
Noted for Good Value, Purity, and Low Prices. All Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or Gallon. Free deliveries in Town or Country. Write for History of House, with full Price List sent gratis on mentioning this paper.

WORK FOR ALL!
We give a Nickel-Silver Timekeeper and Mexican Silverine Watch Chain with guarantee to keep correct time for three years, or a Lady's or Gent's solid gold Ring FREE on return of 1000 of our "Work for All" cards within Twenty-one days. You can sell them in an hour. Send name and address (Postcard will do).

BRITISH FINE ART CO., 115, Strand, London, W.C.

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE
Let Us Send YOU Our Catalogue No. 90.
"TO-DAY'S" "SPECIALITIES."
FUMED OAK BEDROOM SUITE, solid throughout, hand-made, wholesale price. An astounding bargain.
£5 18 6
MASSIVE BEDSTEAD & BEDDING, complete, comprising sanitary wire mattress, wool overlay, bolster, and pillow. Hand-dressed selling. Marvelous value.
£1 8 6
Thousands of other lots equally cheap. A visit to our store will convince you of the advantage of dealing direct with the manufacturers. A saving of 25 per cent. in price. Credit accounts opened if desired. Cash Discount 2s. in £.

WITTAM AND COMPANY,
231, Old Street, City Road, E.C.

Business Hours: 9 till 8.30. Saturdays, 9 p.m. Established 63 years.

MARKETING BY POST.
AI CREAM.
Plain, rich, thick cream, pure, sterilised, 1lb in 4d., 1lb 2s., 2lb 3s. 9d. free. Devonshire (clotted) cream, superior quality, delicious flavour, absolutely pure, 1s. 4d., 2s. 4d., 4s.—Mrs. Cooper, Bristol, Devonshire.
Delicious English Fruit Direct from Growers. Peaches, Grapes, Nectarines. Send 6s. sample box. Delivered free—H. B. MARSHALL, Ltd., Barnham Junction, Sussex.
POULTRY—Superior large Roasting Fowls Ducks, 4s. 6d. pair; Trussed—Miss Banks, Priory House, Roscombury.
PRESERVING Season—Use "Phileas" sugar; undoubtedly best—Cane Sugar Company, Fenchurch-bldg., City.

